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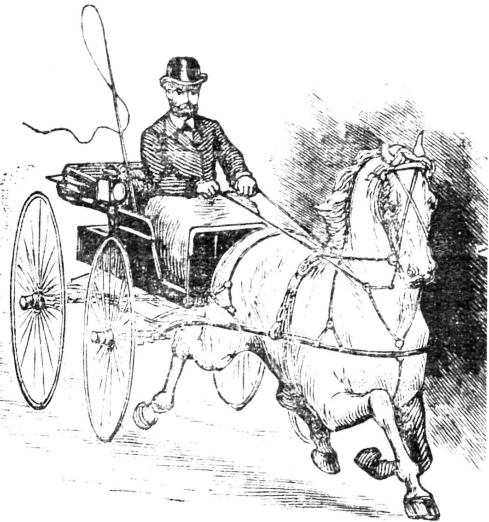
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Vol 4—No. 171—New Series.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1886.

Price—6d.

The Bulletin.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1886.

"Big Flies."

An old philosopher once said that laws are like spiders' webs: they catch little flies but big flies break through them. The decision of the New South Wales Full Court in the COONAN case would seem to bear out the truth of the proverb. Whatever view the legal profession may take of the Court's decision, their Honors' finding must give general dissatisfaction to a wondering lay public. As things are at present constituted members of what with a fine and telling cynicism is termed the "lower" branch of an outrageously privileged guild are in a position to extensively bleed their victims—we mean clients—while keeping well within the letter and even the practice of the law, and without descending to what is conventionally regarded as *actual* dishonesty. But everyone knows that many practitioners do pass this sacred Rubicon, and through their knowledge of legal procedure and technicality, combined with that astuteness for which the profession has been ever famous, are (unhappily for the public) in the great majority of instances able to evade detection and baffle justice.

Under such conditions it is only reasonable to expect that when a case of deliberate fraud is clearly sheeted home to one of the black sheep—we had almost said wolves—of the legal profession, the punishment meted out by those in whose hands the country places the administration of justice, and to whom it has a right to look for its purification, should be of sufficient gravity to strike terror to the hearts of like evil-doers, and that it should be far more severe than in cases of ordinary fraud or robbery, where the thief is unprotected by a hedge of privileges, and the means of frustration or detection are comparatively easy. But what do we find? A leading solicitor is accused of having obtained money from his client under pretence of having paid it to counsel for an opinion. It is proved that he obtained the money in person from this client and that he did not get the opinion or pay counsel for it. If this does not constitute "false pretences" we would greatly like to know what does. Last week a miserable butcher's assistant was sentenced by Judge DOCKER to the monstrous punishment of ten years' penal servitude for pocketing some small sums of money paid him for his master. Yet these are not parallel cases, inasmuch as the degree of guilt and moral turpitude is ten times greater in the case of the prosperous lawyer and member of Parliament than in that of the poor butcher's clerk. But then the latter is only a "little fly," and therefore the big punishment.

This is not all, nor is it even the worst. Mr. COONAN, to back up his—well, his little "monetary irregularity," if he did not actually perjure himself, went so close to it that it would take a keen sophist to tell the difference. He was handed the bill of costs containing the fraudulent item. He looked at it and swore that it had been made out by a clerk who had left his service, and that the challenged item was taken from an entry in his book, whereas he has since admitted that the document is in his own handwriting, that it was made out by himself, and that no such entry appears in any of his books. All this the Chief Justice of New South Wales calls "most improper conduct"!!! and sentences the distinguished culprit, not to ten years' penal servitude—oh, no, Lawyer COONAN is a "big fly"—not even to be struck

off the rolls—but, forsooth, to be suspended from practising his profession for six months—just long enough to allow the ingenuous COONAN to take a trip to England and be presented to the Prince of Wales along with other "representative Australians."

Great as must be the surprise at the absurd inadequacy of the sentence passed by the Judges, it is as nothing compared with the wonderful logic by which the sentence was arrived at. When delivering the decision of the Court, Chief Justice MARTIN said:—

"If we could see that he made this charge with the view simply to obtain the money we should have allowed the matter to go to another tribunal, or we should strike him off the rolls; but we do not propose to take either of these courses, for it seems to be exceedingly likely that having made

ner at the last race meeting it was necessary he should have the money "to bear out what he had told them"—or we may have an intelligent burglar asking to be excused from his five years of "skilly" on the ground that having told his pal he had cracked that little crib, he was compelled to do it "to bear out what he had told him."

The action of the Full Court in finding COONAN guilty, and still allowing his name to remain on the rolls, amounts to this: that a man who, to cover his own culpable neglect, tells his client that he acted on the advice of an eminent counsel and charges for that counsel's opinion without going to the trouble of obtaining it, and finally swears in court that a bill of costs in his own handwriting was drawn by another man, is a fit



SARA BERNHARDT.

the statement about having taken counsel's advice he put these items in his bill of costs for the purpose of cloaking his neglect to file the proper pleas and to bear out what he had told his client."

According, then, to the highest judicial tribunal in the happy colony of New South Wales, the fact of a robbery having been committed to bear out a lie is an extenuating circumstance and of sufficient merit to prevent the matter from going to "another tribunal," or, in other words, to save the guilty party the unpleasantness of a life-long penalty. This will strike the lay mind as something quite new and worth remembering. We should advise the next sporting bank-teller who is compelled to face the spikes at the Central Criminal Court for having a deficiency in his cash to plead that—having told his friends he was a heavy win-

and proper person to practise as a Solicitor of the Supreme Court of New South Wales. There is, of course, one possible excuse for the lenity of their Honors in this case, but it is not flattering to the profession, viz., that they recognised in Mr. COONAN's action the "custom of the trade." If this be so, we fear there was dire necessity for the Act of Parliament which "made solicitors gentlemen," and that there is now equal urgency for another act to wipe the guild off the face of the earth.

The Imperial Federation Lie.

WHEN Lord TENNYSON, in his official capacity as poetic dancing skeleton to the Royal Family, wrote his famous ode on the opening of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, he gave the cause of Imperial Federation a lift for which its advo-

cates have every reason to be thankful. The poet and the politician both work on the same theory—that Federation will weld all the subjects of the British Crown into one invincible nation, and they both avail themselves of a poetic license—a euphonious term for a poetic lie—in placing this view of the case before their converts. Unfortunately, however, a little reason and common-sense show clearly that federation must either remain woefully incomplete or must utterly overthrow the Anglo-Saxon supremacy over one-seventh of the habitable globe. The picture placed before us is that of a Federal Parliament representing and governing a population of about 310,000,000 souls, but it is commonly forgotten that of this number nearly 260,000,000 are Asiatics who are not yet allowed even to govern themselves. If the native races of India be excluded from the league the supreme Legislature will only represent one-sixth of the Empire at the utmost; if they are admitted they will vote down all the rest of the mongrel federated nation and rule Britain, Canada and Australia by force of numbers. As it happens, however, they are but little inclined to submit to the gross injustice of exclusion. The great silent movement in favour of Constitutional Government is still progressing and gaining strength among the Hindoo tribes; sooner or later a native Parliament must be granted, and that body will ultimately demand to be represented in the Federal Council, should such an institution ever by any evil fortune be created. The Oriental races have long since discovered that "JAN BOOL" is not a potent Feringhee deity as they once supposed, but a peaceful, tow-headed citizen, whose claims to rule over them are based chiefly on treachery, lying, and good luck, and they are not inclined to submit to his domination so peacefully as of old. It is now nearly 140 years since the first British conqueror proceeded to hang up his Aryan hat in the tents of SHEM, and though the welcome of SHEM himself was warm rather than courteous, things have gone well with the conquerors ever since. But now a confusion of tongues worse than that heard of old in the plains of Shinar is heard demanding Constitutional Government and should it be refused trouble may arise. The establishment of a Federal Council from which he is excluded will mean to the Hindoo that, instead of being oppressed by Britain alone, he will be weighed down by all the British Empire outside of India. Either the dominant race must face the chance of an insurrection—not merely on the part of the army as before, but a rising of the whole nation—or else they must be content to see the Hon. SHIKKAMY SHASTER, of Madras, or SHORABI SHOPPURI, from some ten-syllable jungle township, running the whole Imperial machine in London, with a yellow-dog coloured Cabinet and a brown Semitic majority at his back. And if there is any meaning whatever in the talk about the "Federation of the Empire," this is what the disciples of the new order of things already look forward to. Everyone has heard of the coming millennium when 300,000,000 souls are to be joined in one league, and it is impossible to suppose that the men who rave of this deliberately mean all the while to leave 260,000,000 of these out; but not one federal apostle has yet had the honesty to point out that a white population of 40,000,000 cannot rule almost seven times their number of Asiatics by their votes alone. The Hong-Kong Chinaman, the Cape Hottentot, and the civilised portion of the Canadian Indians must also be represented on the same basis, and unless federation is a lie and a delusion a time may come when "SPOTTED TAIL" from the Saskatchewan will form a Ministry in England, and Mr. GLADSTONE will go into the division lobby along with a man who smokes opium and plays fan-tan in the Commons' card-room, and with another who bangs an assagai against a bull-hide shield by way of applause in an exciting debate. In these happy days of the future the British representatives may congratulate themselves when they succeed in carrying a resolution by coalescing with discontented Moslems and Malays, African K.C.M.G.s, and Oboi men from Barbaques and Jamaica, and a fierce discussion in the supreme legislature of the Empire will be interspersed with strange federal oaths in Tamil and Gujarati dialects, mixed with recriminations from CHUNG FAT, the ennobled Chinese washerman from the Far East. And on the other hand, if none of these things are to come to pass, the Empire will not be federated after all, the boasted union of 300,000,000 British subjects will vanish into thin air, and the league of brotherhood will be merely a combination of the dominant race, to enable them the more effectually to keep in subjection an enormous population, which is already demanding to be freed from its servitude. There are only two alternatives to this great question—either federation is a stupendous lie, or it involves the total ruin of Anglo-Saxon supremacy in the British dominions.

PLAIN ENGLISH.

"The Chinese Must Go."

THE BULLETIN indictment of the Chinese appears in this week's issue. From that account it will be gathered that Mongolian immigrants are a heterogeneous element in the population of Australia. For the purposes of money-making, or immorality, they come into contact with Australians, but in all other respects they are isolated units, having no cohesion save to members of their own race. They constitute an autonomous band independent of Australian law, as they are regardless of Australian custom. "Manners they have none, and their habits are disgusting." Their trade, customs, and practices are repugnant to local law, yet the law is powerless to prevent what it clearly forbids. The Chinaman has been weighed in the balance and found very much wanting. When he is simply vicious, his vice is destructive; when criminal, a menace to the State; and when industrious, he threatens revolution of the social system. The majority of Chinese coming to Australia are simply and literally slaves, acting under control of the central authority. When the Mongol, therefore, competes in the labour market by cabbage-growing, furniture-making, or what not, the result of his industry is to degrade Australian labour by bringing it down to the level of slavery. Even when not a slave, the labour of the Chinaman is a curse to the State generally, for he, knowing nothing of the comforts of civilisation, is willing to give his toil for the mere price of existence—an existence shorn of all graces as of all usefulness to the community. Give a Chinese labourer a three-roomed house to himself, and a wife to himself, and he will be found unable to maintain the one or support the other by any honest labour. In Sydney there are some Chinese, other than the proprietors of stores—stores often run by the slave-labour of their own countrymen—who do support a wife and family in comfort, if not in luxury. One estimable gentleman of this class is known to most of the police as a professional burglar; he does not pretend to any other trade, but manages this one so deftly that he has never yet been convicted, although following this same industry for years. One or two others are equally well-known smugglers; they do nothing else, yet they are seldom caught, and when they are the fine is merely a charge on subsequent successful operations. Such men, and the storekeepers and gamblers, are the only ones who can spend anything on their homes, and even the latter class, the merchants, are, taken all round, a curse to the continent, for no reasonable citizen wishes to see shopmen enslaved. There would be less danger of evil from the existence of Chinese in our midst if people were aware of the mode of life which obtains with these aliens. But purchasers of their and other wares are not, or else they probably would not buy as they now do. The extension of Mongol power and Mongol vice is merely a question of time under present conditions. Every day the octopus remains only adds to the difficulty of his final ejection. It has been so in America; 'Frisco, with her colony of 70,000 Chinese has at last decided that absolute expulsion is the only remedy. "The Chinese must go!" is her motto, and that decision must be adopted by Australia. The Alien Act must be at once repealed to prevent the Chinese from acquiring freeholds: known gamblers, burglars, smugglers, and other criminals must be made to show whether they have lawful means of support; the European girls must be torn from the grasp of their present debasers; a law must be passed to prevent men from packing together, like sardines, in their dwelling-houses; and if these things are done, though Chinamen will not be absolutely ejected from Australia, they will at least find it not worth while to remain. "The Chinese must go!" Let this once be resolved, and the means of their expulsion will easily be found.

Soft Stuff.

St. THOMAS' Anglican Church at North Shore, Sydney, is one of the finest specimens of Gothic architecture in the colony, and is not yet paid for. Desperate efforts have been made to build and to pay for St. THOMAS'. Ye Olde Englishe Fayre of four years ago was chiefly in the interest of St. THOMAS'. The dames and damsels of the show at that time, it will be remembered, earned a notoriety almost as enviable as that of the most forward personages of the Primrose League, and since, St. THOMAS' hat, variously bedizened, has been a very familiar object to all charitably disposed. Still the debt hangs, and awkwardly—the contractor has a claim on the fabric, and we are told by St. THOMAS' KALENDAR that some effort must be made to clear that claim. The sheep and the lambs of St. THOMAS', however, do not excel in making financial effort. It is estimated that if the week be so fine as to fairly bring in spring with next Sunday there will be £10,000 worth of new millinery in the pews of the church, and it is known that there will also be about 50s worth of silver coin on the plate. The shepherd of St. THOMAS' can't use the shears worth a cent, or otherwise there is some manne of meanness or constitutional disability to give freely in the flock. What does he feed them with? Here is a quotation from his KALENDAR, a sort of monthly pastoral:—

"Readers of the KALENDAR will no doubt be thankful to have had satisfactorily explained in the last issue the phenomenal rains which have fallen since the 15th of July. Do they prove beyond question that the good St. Swithun has well earned his claim to be associated with the weather at this season? It is really delightful to find this is just as true in the New World as in the Old. It is almost like the discovery of another link of union between the Mother Country and her daughter."

Is that likely to produce wool? How do the hard-headed, practical men who, with clubs and dolts, sit in the pews and stick to the church, stomach and digest such stuff as that? St. SWITHUN—the old fellow who used to christen the apples for English schoolboys—is somewhere, in the mind of the KALENDAR editor, associated with the open windows of heaven, and the cracked crust of Australia drinking its fill and putting on its amazing

food crop. The good St. SWITHUN is associated with it. So is the good parson, doubtless. And in about an equal degree. But where is the "practical commonsense bishop?" Can't he afford time to run up by cable tram to this high church and say, "Fancy Fayre I can abide, and to daughters of MOAB I do not object, and your Saint's hat at every corner may be tolerated, but if you want St. SWITHUN, and in this fashion, I must object?" Is it not fittingly called "Soft Stuff," this doctrine of the KALENDAR? Is it possible to imagine it as set forth earnestly by a reasonable man to reasonable men? St. SWITHUN is associated with the rain, yes, and doubtless if some poor wretch of a woman of the parish, with husband in gaol and children sick, should beg at the door of the sanctuary, another saint would be recommended to associate himself with her (any saint but Saint SOVEREIGN), but why isn't the blessed St. THOMAS stirred up to associate himself with the church debt? THOMAS always was slow since his name was DIDYMS. He won't move till the bailiffs are in, and even the "daughters of Moab" fail to put them out.

Where are the Rest?

"If they are going to suspend COONAN, they might as well suspend us all," said an indignant little lawyer in Sydney last week, and he was just about right. The public will blame Mr. COONAN because he sinned, the legal profession will hate him because he allowed himself to be found out. Sympathy would be wasted on Mr. COONAN. We believe he richly earned every ounce of the punishment meted out to him. It is right that he should suffer; the only matter for regret is that he should suffer alone. To suppose that he is the only sinner is absurd, and the attitude of some of his brother lawyers who hold up one hand in pious horror, is, to say the least of it, hypocritical in the extreme. We say hold up one hand, for a man cannot hold up both while one is in a client's pocket. COONAN, attorney and member of Parliament, is punished because he charged a client for services never performed, but he has enough companions in such conduct to fill the Court from which he has been temporarily excluded. Not one bill of costs in ten escapes deductions in taxation; instances have been known wherein taxed costs have been less than 50 per cent. of the original total; items are frequently reduced to 10 per cent. of their original amount, and often enough disallowed altogether. In these cases the lawyers are either unjustly deprived of their lawful remuneration, or else they have put in such items on the "off-chance" of getting them paid, and the chance has not come off. And, as the lawyers seem to flourish in spite of these huge reductions, it may be assumed that selling off their forensic goods at less than the alleged cost price is really very good business. Nor are matters much better in the "nobler" branch of the profession. If there is any barrister who has not taken money for services he did not perform the probability is that he has a very small practice indeed. Even of the Judges who sit in judgment on the erring COONAN there may even have been one or two who had accepted bribes, pocketed fat fees, and then left some unskilful junior to conduct the case as best he could. These things are done every term by some of the leading barristers, yet the censors of the profession do not search for the extenuating falsehood, which, in the opinion of Chief Justice MARTIN, appears to be a mitigation of such offence, and the member of the "nobler" branch of the profession is not even called upon to explain his financial eccentricity. "Engaged in another court, your Honor," is deemed complete condonation of the act of calmly pocketing a client's money, and leaving that client defenceless, to be gobbled up by the legal wolves of the other side. The insolvent who "fraudulently" favours one creditor at the expense of another is sent to gaol; the barrister who fraudulently prefers one client to another grows sleek and fat, and flourishes like a green bay tree in the sunlight of judicial smiles. The New South Wales Judges may, in their barristerial days, have been without sin, and they may, therefore, now be able to cast the first stone at Mr. COONAN, but there are very few others of his brother practitioners who can justly join in his condemnation. COONAN has been punished, but where are the rest of them?

The Crime of Good Character.

JUDGE DOCKER has descended to explanation. He asserts that under the New South Wales Criminal Law he is a mere machine for registering sentences which the people have imposed. This is an initial mistake. The people did not draw up the New South Wales Criminal Code. Its authors are men who have compiled it in the light of the executive savagery which shed a lurid glow over young Australia. And it is a lawyer-made code. No lawyer can free himself from the manacles of his profession; it is not the good of society which he regards so much as the traditions of a profession that looks upon all accused persons as felons, and regards every criminal as a hopeless ruffian. But even under a Stephenesque code, Judge DOCKER has a large amount of latitude. In BERNER's case, noticed last week, Judge DOCKER does not deny that he had the power to award a three-year penalty if extenuating circumstances had been found. The jury discovered such circumstances, for they recommended mercy, but the full penalty was given in spite of BERNER's previous and unimpeachable record. The secret of this judicial severity is found in Judge DOCKER's address in the case of ALGER BUNYARD, convicted last week of having embezzled various small sums from his employer. Previous prosecution of the same prisoner before Judge DOWLING had resulted in a verdict of "not guilty," the evidence being insufficient to convict upon. But in this instance the jury did convict, and Judge DOCKER, after hearing evidence of previous good character, said "he would remark once for all, that in his opinion, there were cases where previous good character was an aggravation of the offence—such as in the present." From this we naturally conclude that if BUNYARD had murdered several of his female relatives, embezzled from two or three banks, and died in his youthful days with a little bushranging and burglary, his previous bad character would have mitigated his offence. With much bumbling we would like to ask this Judge how much of BUNYARD's sentence was awarded for this defalcation, and how much for the previous good character which aggravated the crime? It simply comes to this: that the better the previous record of an embezzler is the less likely he is to get a reduced sentence. Which is very good news indeed for habitual criminals.



(Correspondents who give neither name nor nom-de-plume cannot expect to have their communications noticed.)

"A.B." (Moubray): Thanks for the outtings which, though "ancient," as you say, are as uninteresting as many other ancient things.... "Gravity" (Woolloomin): Your idea, unfortunately, suggests no picture. Shall be glad to help you in any other way.... "T.B." (Launceston): Thanks.... "J.J.": Thanks. Politeness, however, isn't everything in this world. Man is like a lot of other things which, the more polished they are, the more slippery they become.... "Hater of Snobs": Much obliged.... "Lunatic": Thanks. It is true that we don't enquire concerning the moral character of all those who write for THE BULLETIN. For one thing, we haven't time; another reason is that if we gave too much encouragement to writers producing certificates of character signed by the clergy, the paper would "go bung," and we'd have our humble Waterbury watch stolen too often.... "J. Thornley" (Brisbane): One scientist has described the animal as "a fat beast without any brains," but that might lead to confusion between a hog and a member of Parliament. Our own impression is, however, that a man who has got his three sons into Government offices and then stumps the country with a view to getting a billet for the baby as soon as it grows up, about fills the bill—all except the bacon.... "Jos. Tait" (Balmain): It is always very difficult to translate an English name into any Oriental language. Neill's name in Arabic, as far as we can make out, would be El Jawbone Abdullgizzardhosh, or bosh to that effect. This, of course, is only a free translation. To render it *verbatim*, would break an Arab's teeth, and he would be compelled to gum Arabic for the rest of his life.... "W.G.": He may be technically qualified, but we don't advise you to consult him.... "Subscriber" (Newcastle): (1) We don't know where she now lives. (2) The "doctor" named and the individual you mention, referred to in our narrative, are identical.... "Lyra": You have surely spelt the name wrongly. Douglas Sladen, like you, wrote things he called verses, but he has gone to England. Why don't you go there too?.... "Investor": We know nothing of the land you mention, but habitually cherish a nasty suspicion concerning subdivisions largely advertised in the country papers.... "Justitia": It is a remarkable circumstance that sons-in-law of N.S.W. judges are always singularly clever fellows, and wonderfully successful in at least the legal profession. We suppose it is that a judge will not let his female relatives marry lawyers or barristers unless the latter are forensic geniuses. Sometimes the genius has been observed to lean in the direction of embezzlement.... "Progress (Orange)": Will deal with your letter at first opportunity.... "Subscriber" (Richmond, Vic): Will at an early date print your letter and give information asked for.... "Spec.": The point of your story seems somehow to have been left out. Next time you write, kindly send along the point and leave out the story.... "A Contributor" (Tumut): The chances are that Gundagai and Tumut will both be the richer for the railway. The former hole—we mean town—cannot remain a terminus for ever.... "O.J.T." (Bombaria): Our opinion is that half the "blow" about the alleged Kimberley goldfield in the daily papers consists of local storekeepers' mendacities; the balance is made up of lies in the interests of steamship companies and of runholders who want a market for their stock. Stay where you are.... "Coke" (Redfern): The suspension of Mr. Coonan from the practice of his profession does not necessarily involve his expulsion from the N.S.W. Assembly. A majority could certainly expel him, but they have equal power to expel anyone else. The House might even effect the expulsion of the saints who have oceans of sanctity but can't get their certificates from the Court of Insolvency.... "J.R.W.": Nobody can chaff Parkes so effectively as Mr. Dalley. Sir Patrick Jennings' speech at Dubbo, which bore evidences of having been inspired by the Right Hon. Plain Bill, was so neat and so telling that it quite "marked" the D.T.... "Reader" (Charlestown): If Miss Edith O'Gorman really said, as reported, that "the Sisters of Charity were not the doers of the good deeds ascribed to them," she deliberately said what she knew, or ought to have known, to be utterly untrue. Anyone who wants to know what the Sisters of Charity (whether R.C. or Protestant) are, has only to enquire from the colonel of any regiment, the captain of any man-of-war, the superintendent of any hospital, or the governor of any gaol. It no doubt pays Miss Edith O'Gorman very well to discredit the Sisters of Mercy, who are the best and bravest of women, and are none the worse for the fact that they don't perambulate the country raking in gold for their own purses and sowing the seeds of sectarian bitterness. The matter of Miss Edith O'Gorman's lectures is, we have heard, free from any gross indecency, but we have no hesitation in saying that Miss O'Gorman would have very scanty audiences indeed but for the expectation entertained by those who pay to hear her, of interesting "revelations.".... "Quipoly": Time enough after defendants' trial.... "A Lover of Fair Play": We quite agree with all you say—but we'll take no risk in such matters until the libel law is altered. Truth is in N.S.W. no sufficient defence in an action for libel, and if we did as you propose then it would be said in court (as was said in the Clontarf case) that we published for an unworthy motive *i.e.*, for merely "sensational" purposes—a narrative concerning the early life of a man who, although he once participated in an infamy, had since shown himself capable of better things, and had now been permitted by society to attain a good position. Our object in

publishing the narrative was to enable the public to form a correct opinion as to the expediency of releasing a notorious criminal.... "James Fahey": As we haven't the faintest idea who is running the sweep mentioned, we can express no opinion.... "Junius": Thanks; hope you aren't Algernon.... "P. E. Way" (Palmer River): Thanks; the solution appeared in THE BULLETIN some weeks ago.... "T. S." (Winton, Q): We'll publish it—to oblige you; but we'll publish something else at the same time.... "Railway": Thanks.... "Constitutionalist": The Act 18 and 19 Vic. declares that "Any person who shall, directly or indirectly, himself or by any person whatsoever in trust for him, or for his use or benefit, undertake, execute, hold, or enjoy, in the whole or in part, any contract or agreement for or on account of the public service," and who continues to sit thereafter, shall be liable to a penalty of £500, to be recovered by any person who chooses to sue in the Supreme Court for it. If the proveable facts are as you say, someone has a good chance of acquiring £500.... "Unit": Your point is well taken. If land were nationalised and all the State revenue derived therefrom, there would be no need for levying duties with a view both to protection and revenue. But while taxes are levied on the producers, thus increasing the cost of production, it is the maddest of folly to admit pauper-made goods to come in free while our own labourers stand idle.... "L. Guy": Excellent. Splendid idea. So original, too.... "J.H." (Lake Bathurst): Question too indefinite.... "R. Leeming": Will probably use in an altered form.... "C.P.": We are not certain as to the power to which you refer.... "Cornstalk": We have mentioned the matter, and will do so again.... "J.P.B.": Will look at them for next week.... "S.E.A.": Have been obliged to postpone consideration. Will look over next week.... "Gonzago": Might suit the religious papers.... "E. Golding" (Sydney): The only thing that would surprise us would be if your C.Y.M. friends paid at all. If you should take the position, and the magnificent 30s. turn up at the end of the quarter, please let us know, and we will publish it.... "Sunny": Three drunken bankers and an inebriated doctor are too common to be worth mention.... "C.W.R. (Tungamah)": Too long. We can't afford to print six pages of Galileo and George Washington, and Latin and Italian, and Joshua and Bunker Hill, for the sake of 20 lines of Imperial Federation and Ismail Pasha at the end.... "Pardo": Lord Carlington's now historic phrase, "As for your riding, gentlemen, it is enough to say you are Australians," may be interpreted in 19 ways. The smashed-footballer's friend possibly meant it for a compliment.... "S. Spencer": Coxswains of Oxford and Cambridge Eights are young men. We are sending home for certificates of birth of the last pair.... "Jabez": It's quite certain that whether or not "Plain Bill" was the author of the Dubbo oration Sir Patrick Jennings didn't write it. For three reasons: firstly, because there was Greek in it; secondly, because there was Latin in it; and, thirdly, because there was English in it.... "J.S." (Blayney): Next week.... "W.R." (Murrumburrah): If you are jealous, "go" for him; don't ask us to libel anybody.... "T.R.M.": Next week.

NOTICE.

THE RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BULLETIN" are as follows:—

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE BULLETIN will attend to all communications of whatever character from near or distant correspondents. The aim of the paper is to bring to light the good things of all sorts.

The Editor will gladly consider suggestions for illustrations, and will carefully read, and acknowledge in the correspondence column, all contributions submitted—whether in the form of political, social, or other articles, verse, short tales or sketches, paragraphs, letters, or newspaper-clippings. All communications will be regarded as strictly confidential.

Correspondents will please write on one side of their paper only, and in forwarding newspapers, will be good enough to mark the portions to which they invite attention.

THE BULLETIN does not necessarily undertake any liability in respect to MS., &c., forwarded. But the Editor will, as a matter of courtesy, send back all unsuitable contributions which are in the first place accompanied by a properly-addressed and stamped envelope.

THE BULLETIN will be glad to publish properly-authenticated social items.

A Bushman's Troubles.

(FOR THE BULLETIN.)

'Tis the voice of the 'possum, his tones sweet and low
Assure me he means for my damper to go.
Hark! he's close to the fire—he searches the pot.
Ha, ha! hear him swear (in pure 'possum), "d-d hot!"
Now, he upsets the plates, in a rummage for crumbs—
He has finished; by Jove, here my enemy comes!
He frisks round the tent. Now, along the ridge-pole
He is trying in vain to discover a hole—
So eager is he to partake of my store
That he musters up courage and comes to the door.
There he sits, while I lie, vainly trying to stamp
On my brain, by the aid of a flaring slush-lamp,
Some grains of the wisdom and humour within
The pages that make up the week's BULLETIN.
Now he cautiously creeps, and bright visions of
"out"
Prevent him observing my iron-bed'd boot.
It is poised. Now, I think I have focussed him
s'raight—
Ph-w! bang! but my tent lifting foe doesn't wait.
For I hear him above, on the limb of a tree,
And those angry remarks are meant clearly for me.
And that musical sound, 'twixt a growl and a hiss,
Conveys to me plainly—he laughs at my misdeeds.
"FRANK."



Ninian Melville, M.L.A., is pretty often greeted at political meetings with "How about that 25s?"

VANITY FAIR predicts that Parnell's extinction will follow on Gladstone's. Perhaps, but Gladstone is not yet extinct.

"Mr. Chamberlain," says Lord Wolverton, "is worse than Judas Iscariot in that he has betrayed not his master but his Maker."

Dan O'Connor, Im Pay for West Sydney, is going to protect native industries. That's good. But who is going to protect Dan O'Connor?

The Sydney GLOBE politely describes the S.M. HERALD as "the venal paper which stands with one arm around the neck of the importer, and the other affectionately embracing the land-grabber."

Mr. J. P. Abbott, M.L.A., who is looked upon as the coming leader of the N.S.W. Protectionist party, will make his debut before a Protectionist audience by taking the chair on Friday night, August 20, at the lecture to be given in Sydney Protestant Hall by Mr. L. F. Heydon, M.L.A., on "The Progress of Protection in N.S.W."

One Richard Pigott, erstwhile editor of the FLAG OF IRELAND, an extreme Dublin Nationalist organ, is said to have concocted the bogus Fenian manifesto published in the TIMES on the eve of the late British general election. Pigott figured several years ago (with Lady Florence Dixie) in the concoction of several "Fenian outrage" yarns.

Messrs. Abigail and Hawthorne, Ms.L.A., shining lights of Orangemen and lemonade, have visited M'long, and been entertained at Toohy's Hotel, but the report doesn't say what they drank on the licensed premises. We are also told that "both gentlemen visited the public school and addressed the pupils." We hope that little Abigail didn't address the pupils on the rules of orthography or syntax.

This most hopeful and satisfactory paragraph, clipped from that High-Tory organ, VANITY FAIR, tells its own story:—"A fashion has sprung up of late years, and a very bad one, too, amongst members of society, of not uncovering in public places when 'God Save the Queen' is being played. Some years ago any man dressed like a gentleman who did not take off his hat when the National Anthem was being played, stood a very good chance of having his said hat forcibly removed; but now all manliness seems to have left the country." If this means anything, it means that we have the authority of a leading Conservative paper for stating that in England now-a-days very few people grovel at the name of Her Most, &c. (much hogwash here unavoidably omitted) save a few rich old parties now in their second childhood.

An absurd Radical Chelsea clergyman writes a ridiculous and disloyal letter to the London TIMES. He complains that he arranged for a confirmation service which was to have been blessed by the Bishop of London. At the time appointed, the rows of elegantly-arrayed candidates were there, so were all other sacerdotal and ecclesiastical fixings appurtenant to such ceremonies, but a comprehensive and interesting vacancy alone represented the place which should have been occupied by the Bishop. The whole crowd—clergymen, choir, and congregation—waited for some hours for the outpouring of the Episcopal blessing, but they waited in vain, for my lord of London had gone to attend the Prince of Wales on a bridge-blessing expedition. Upon these facts the curate takes upon himself to sedulously satirise the Bishop.

There is a considerable row in Queensland over Sir Sawmill Griffiths' last election dodge. According to his latest scheme every elector must fill up a "claim to vote," stating his name in full, whether "natural born" or naturalised, and about a dozen other particulars, including, we presume, the date when the voter's hair first began to fall out, his measurement round base of brain, and his object in not being a Chinaman. The item "natural born," however, enrages most of the residents of the great northern sin-garden. To an Englishman "natural born" means being illegitimate and illegitimacy is very natural, indeed in far Northern Queensland; to a Scotchman it implies a declaration of permanent lunacy, while Shakespearean students quote Macduff's history to show how a white man can be born unnaturally. Most people put in the words "natural-born," but neither an idiot nor a monstrosity. "Qualification" is another awkward item, and one individual claims to vote because he "can read and write, and is of full age and upwards." Then comes "length of residence," and a great number fill this up by putting in such answers as "22ft. long and four rooms in it." The point of Sir Sawmill's weird northern jokers is that every one who stumbles over his conundrums is disfranchised, and as his own party have agents travelling round to see that their friends fill up their papers all right, when next election comes on they will be in full force, while his opponents will hardly be able to rally one "natural born" voter for every dozen that they count on. Why did not Parkes strike this idea in the days of his glory? If he had he might have been there—that is, in glory—at the present moment.

BY FLOOD AND FIELD.

As events turned out it was rather a lucky thing than otherwise that the Sydney Lancers and Sydney Bicycle Club picked upon the same day for their respective sports on the Agricultural and Association Cricket Grounds, for both places were so crammed with visitors that neither would have held the two lots with any degree of comfort. At the cavalry tournament the mounted jumping without arms was very good, Trooper Cope, a Sudan warrior, by the way, appearing to us to have won hands down, but the judges decided it a tie with Trooper Vollmer, and in the jump-off the latter was awarded the prize. Captain Weston, of the Illawarra Light Horse, rode his horse and handled his weapon like a "tradesman," and won both the cleaving the Turk's head, and jumping and cleaving the Turk's head competitions. The tug-of-war proved an exciting item, the Marines and Mittagong contingent meeting in the final pull, which was won by the Marines after a gallant struggle. Military exercises of great variety filled up the programme, and the Lancers may be congratulated upon having hit the public taste in their inaugural sports meeting. The capacious grandstand was filled to excess, but as the day wore on it became painful to look at the sports in consequence of the sun's glare. The committee of the Agricultural Ground must have been "iff their heads" when they had it erected facing the setting sun. It was bad enough on Saturday, but what will it be like on a sultry January afternoon?

The notice in the morning papers that Con. Dwyer's accident would prevent him from riding for months to come, did not tend to improve the attractions of the Sydney Bicycle Club's fifth

annual meeting, but the bicycle people must have been pleasantly surprised when the principal event started in the presence of fully 12,000 persons. The ten-mile championship, for the Gardner Trophy, soon resolved itself into a match between C. R. Wood and J. S. Foulkes, the latter leading, with Wood as close up as he could ride consistent with safety. In this order they were riding when the bell rang, and the men commenced the final lap at a great pace. At the back of the course Wood drew out to Foulkes, when the latter appeared to hold his own, and if anything, improved his advantage a shade, but rounding for the home turn Wood went past his man and won with what we thought a bit to spare, in 35min. 74sec. At the Warehousemen's Cricket Ground, Melbourne, on July 10, Dwyer covered the distance in 20min. 39 1-5sec. H. H. Lambton made a clever win of the One-Mile Invitation Scratch Race; F. J. Davis, 150yds., won the Mile Maiden Handicap; C. W. Mills, 190yds., carried off the Mile Open Handicap; the All Schools Mile fell to M. A. Vennard; the Mile Tricycle Handicap was won by F. W. C. Crane, 175yds.; Montmore won the Quarter-Mile Flat Race, with 20yds. start; A. E. Browne won the two-miles contest for the Millbrook Cup; and H. Mutton, 375yds., made an easy win of the Three-miles Open Bicycle Handicap. Wood has won the Ten-Miles Gardner Trophy twice in succession, and it now becomes his property.

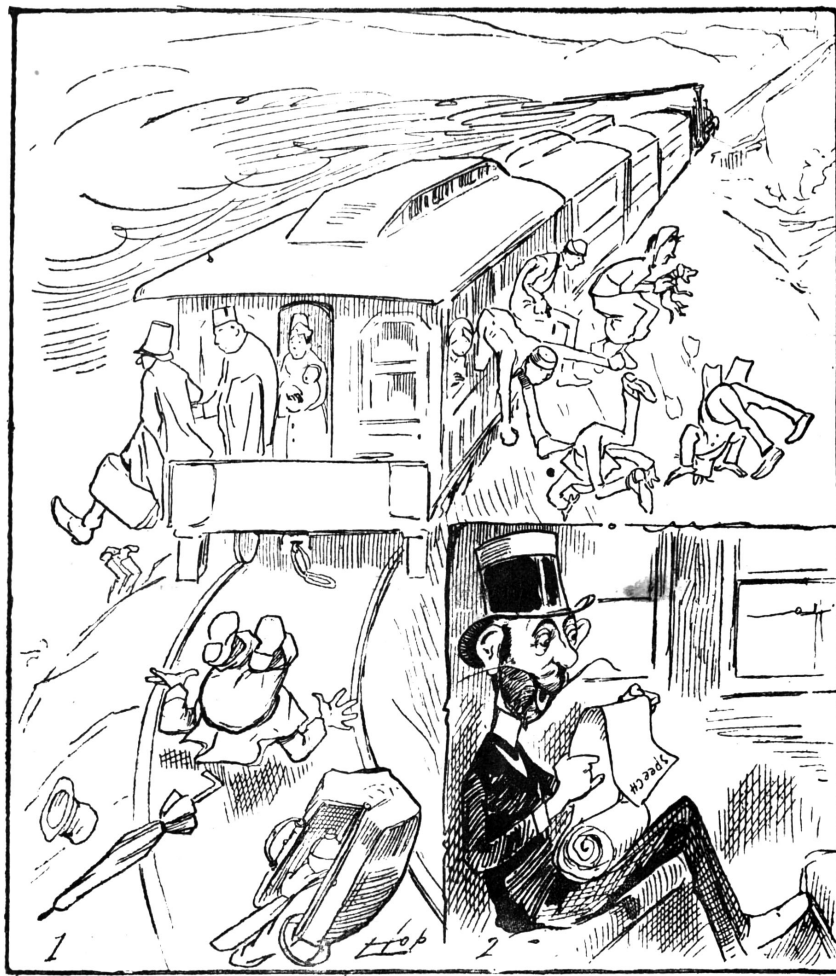
The crowd who went to Foley's Hall on Saturday night with the expectation of seeing a good set-to between Lees and the "Champion Amateur," were treated to a disappointment, as the show was anything but exciting. Mr. Seale, with his 5ft. 8in. and 10st. 10lb. of avoirdupois, looked a pigmy alongside his 6ft. odd in height and 13st. opponent, but notwithstanding the disparity in size, Lees did not seem to fancy the task set him, and allowed the little one to do all the leading. Lees landed a couple of right-handers on the amateur, but too far round to do any damage, and beyond this, nothing was done in the first round. In the second, the amateur got the best of the lengthy one to lead, so placed his right couple of times cleverly on Lees' face and brought his left across rather heavily on his favourite spot, the "mark," which seemed to rather knock the wind out of Lees. In the third round, Lees appeared to get savage, and tried several right-handers, but he was all out of distance, and Mr.

in the mouth. It is time the usage that owners are not to be run up was broken through.

The Melbourne Cricket Club have taken our advice and abandoned the idea of bringing out an English Eleven. Barlow and Read are to be included in Shaw's Eleven, which will probably be the strongest professional team that has yet left England's shore. It was a cruel manoeuvre of the Melbourne amateurs to try and best a team of men who make their bread and butter out of the game, and it is pleasing to see the professionals come out of the fight victorious.

In the football field on Saturday last, the defeat of Sydney University Club by the Arfomas created no end of surprise, as it was thought the Gordons (who are again premier club) were the only ones able to lower the colour of the "Varsity." In the return match between Burwood and Wallaroo, the former won by 7 points to 2, notwithstanding the fact that the Wallaroos were represented by the five men chosen from their ranks to play for N.S.W. against Queensland a few weeks back. Burwood was not represented in the second intercolonial match, and the win on Saturday must prove a bitter pill for the selection committee to swallow. The Balmains beat the Balmains Wellington by 9 points to 6, but notwithstanding their defeat, the latter showed they are entitled to rank amongst the senior clubs.

An event advertised as the amateur mile skating championship of Sydney was decided at the "abem!"—"Carlington" rink last week, though, no doubt, some of the best skaters did not enter because of the extreme smallness of the course. Being 38 laps to the mile, it was nearly "all corners," and, moreover, competitors were restricted to a certain make of wooden-wheel skates. There were 22 entries, 20 men coming to the post, and they ran in heats of two or three together. The eight winners of the first heats were:—J. S. Levy, H. Thompson, A. H. March, P. Williamson, T. Galloway, C. G. Hodson, J. Riggs, and F. J. Spencer. On Thursday night they ran off in three heats, the winners being Levy, Thompson, and Galloway, the miles being done in 6.10, 6.1, and 6.3 respectively. Owing to the smallness of the ring, every contestant, except the two last named, fell, some of them



AN AVERTED CALAMITY.

Naturally, if Mr. Jawbone Neild wanted a carriage to himself, he would start reading his speeches; and naturally, also, the passengers would leave hurriedly; but none of these things happened on Mr. Neild's recent trip through the Northern districts of New South Wales.

Seale appeared to enjoy the fun of either getting back or ducking under them. In the final, the men came together a bit better, but no damage was done by the time Jack Thompson told them to shake hands. Mr. Seale's uphill game in boxing a clever professional of such height and weight was made more difficult by the tactics of the long one, who would not lead or be drawn by the little one in front of him; but the amateur came out of the fray with flying colours, and showed himself by far the more scientific boxer of the two. Steve O'Donnell, Peter Jackson's pupil, is as fine a young fellow as they make 'em at 6ft. in height and 12st. in weight, and he proved himself a good boxer in his four rounds with Peter Newton. O'Donnell was fighting "reputation," no mean handicap, and got the worst of it at first, but as soon as he settled down to his task he showed some clever boxing, and in the final round there was nothing to choose between the pair. Molloy got all over Meadows for two rounds, but we fancy the Victorian is doing too much work, as he tired in the final, and Meadows made a bit better show. Little Murphy showed some of his terrific hitting power on the plucky Burgess; a scientific mite Pluto, as usual, had a lad twice his size to face, and three or four other "sets-to" made up a first-class evening's sport.

Notwithstanding the immense crowds at the Association and Agricultural Grounds, the Liverpool Jockey Club had nothing to complain of in the attendance at their race meeting on Saturday. Sixteen runners started for the shorts, of which Paladin, who had the call at 3 to 1, made an easy win by a length from Barrilla. Rebus made an easy win of the Selling Race from Sundial. The 20 to 1 chance Binalong won the Winter Handicap from the favourite, Lifeboat; Rystone made rather an easy win of the Townplate from Sundial; and Rooble flushed the day's sport by winning the Ladies' Purse. There was an unpleasantness over the sale of Rystone, when the owner struck a gentleman who bid against him a heavy blow in the face. It will be recollected it was over one of these selling-races that old Terminus had his throat cut. Owners appear to think that it is an unwarrantable liberty for outsiders to bid against them when a horse is put up after one of these so-called selling-races, but it is only in their own interests, the Jockey Club should put this sort of thing down with a strong hand, or buyers may prove scarce when a bid is attended with a smack

several times. The final heat resulted in a win for T. Galloway, who is undoubtedly the fastest man, though Levy has a very pretty and finished style. Time, 6min. 1sec. There was a large and excited audience, betting strongly in favour of Galloway, and the affair was managed as well as could be in such a small hall, but the building really permitted no fair test of speed. H. Mayne has hitherto been regarded as the best amateur in Sydney, having made some capital performances at the large Botany rink, and it would be interesting to see him pitted against Galloway on that track.

As we write, we hear that Mr. Percy M'Donnell, the brilliant young Victorian batsman, is dying. Only last week one of Mr. M'Donnell's brothers died of blood-poisoning, which supervened on his having been taken to Melbourne hospital after a tramcar accident.

"Grace was in splendid form, and in spite of the excellence of the Australians' bowling, scored with great rapidity." We wonder whether all this really did come by cable? Anyhow, it's quite a safe thing to say.

Either of two is the case. Some horses are not properly trained, or some sporting scribes drink alcohol. A few weeks ago we read in a Sydney weekly that the "trot at Albury was won in a cauter; something crooked there. Now, here we have the Melbourne SPORTSMAN—"Ocean" when asked to gallop, simply walked home in the steeplechase." Very ungentlemanly of Ocean.

A cheque for £19 had been given at Charters Towers in a gambling transaction and payment was stopped. It got into the hands of a third party, who, on finding it dishonoured, tore it to pieces in the presence of witnesses, and he was charged with destroying valuable property. Judge Noel held there was no evidence of the cheque being valuable, and said: "If a cheque is given for a gambling debt it can be dishonoured as between the drawer and payee, but if allowed to pass to an innocent person it became of certain value." Prisoner was found not guilty.

AUSTRALIANA.

The new Anglo-Australian postage-stamp will, it is alleged, shortly be issued in England. Upon it the Queen will be represented arm-in-arm with Henniker Heaton.... On the Queensland Central Railway about one-half of the letters containing money posted in the mail-van during the last four months have gone astray. The N.S.W. service used to take the bun for embezzlement and bungling, now it must take a back seat.... J. J. Pascoe, late cashier to the A.S.N. Co., Brisbane, was alleged to have gone astray with the cash, but he has been acquitted. One witness reported that the last local audit took place nine years ago. Seemingly an audit is a jubilee affair up there.... The Cumberland MERCHANT says Berner had no blue blood in his veins or he'd have been dealt with as leniently as E. Brown Holt. Holt had only brown blood in his veins.... "Were there any respectable people there besides the larrikins?" asked a lawyer in Sydney Central Court. "No," unhesitatingly answered the defence-witness, "none except myself and prisoner." The magistrate smole a far away smile.... 796 Maoris are among the free and independent electors of N.Z.... Sir Henry Loch, on his visit to Adelaide, was near being run down and slaughtered by a cab.... In Tasmania the new law permits every one to value his own land for purposes of taxation, but the Government will have power to take the lot at the price thus fixed.... A Chinaman m'asing in Grafton. Several hundred of unemployed white workmen are knocking about there.... By a majority of four the South Australian Legislative Assembly have decided to say daily prayers. They will possibly pray to be made honest.... Dedicated to the N.S.W. Assembly—

An M.L.A. we often find
The people's N. M. E.
An M.L.A. is sometimes found
A man of N. R. G.
An M.L.A. is always found
To grab the L. S. D.

Ernest Logan, late railway clerk at Bathurst, when on his trial for embezzling £20, said he was driven to the act, being utterly unable to support his wife and family on his miserable salary of £12 a month.... While the police were pursuing him with a warrant over this affair, he had managed to drop in for another little Government billet, as inspector or time-keeper for the unemployed. The Macleay (N.S.W.) ARGUS states that "the worship of the golden calf has ceased for ever on the Macleay," from which we presume the people in that district intend in future to reserve their adoration for that calf's full-grown meat progenitor.... After following the supposed Great Barrier murderers for several days, the N.Z. police ran to earth two wandering gum-diggers.... The Ballarat Chinamen have gone through the ceremony of feeding those of their deceased countrymen who are buried locally. £17 2s. 3d. worth of victuals were planked down on the graves. In a Queensland town, a few years ago, a tramp made a regular practice of sitting on the Chinese graves and helping himself to the pork, fowl, and pig, until the Joss-house-keeper found him drunk one morning, and then "Chinaman no more feed 'em dead.".... Local industry is going ahead even in Roma (Q.). The Roma FREE PRESS gives the result of a trial of a washing-machine at the local hospital, as follows. "The following articles were washed in the time specified, 1 hour and 53 minutes:—28 sheets, 12 towels, 4 blankets, 3 moleskins, 3 pillow-cases, 3 table-cloths, 4 counterpanes." After this we shall hear of the local bellman's new style of delivery.... For the first time in the history of the Northern Territory, a second edition of a paper was issued from the N.T. TIMES office a few weeks ago.... Scotty the Wrinkler says he has only met one bullocky whom he could class as a gentleman. This puncher unhooked his leaders to draw a log out of the way, and when the team had passed he unhooked them again and drew the log back, saying, "Always put everything in its place.".... The four Daly River murderers are not to be hanged: the first time for years an Australian Executive has missed a chance of stringing-up blackfellows. From the Bacchus (sugestive name) Marsh Express (Vic.):—"We are informed that the recent 'earthquake' at Yaloak Vale, reported by our Ballarat correspondent on the authority of Mr. Wilson, was caused by a boy discharging a double-barrelled gun close to the servant's room.... "Winter" overcoats are to be supplied to N.S.W. tram-guards next month. These are for next winter, we presume.... At Deniliquin (N.S.W.) a gang of men and an inspector have spent six weeks and £200, the result being the death of one rabbit, and a very skinny one at that. At this rate 100 rabbits would pay the cost of an Antarctic Expedition.... A ten years' resident in Western Australia writes to the Melbourne D.T. that the worst land there is dear at a gift, and the best is cheap at 1s. per 100,000 acres. "It is a wretched, beastly country and make the best of it, but it is good enough for the rulers.".... A correspondent writes that there are 21 civil servants in Walgett, N.S.W., a place where there isn't work for eight. The "local" P.M., who draws £200 a year, has been away in Sydney ten months, and the sergeant of police says he is ashamed he has so little to do.... In a trial at Adelaide a witness gave evidence as to the time required to walk from a certain office to the Exchange. The judge, however, doubted his assertion, and so he went out and did the distance at top speed to settle the point.... An Auckland (N.Z.) constable mistook the fog-horn of the Mararoa for the shriek of a female in distress, so he collected another policeman to aid him, and the pair ran two miles to try and find the yelling woman.... From the Mitchell (Sunny Corner, N.S.W.) PRESS:—"There is no mistake we have had, with one or two exceptions, a most drunken class of doctors among us.".... A real live sober reporter has been drawn into the Salvation circle in Melbourne.... The Benalla (Vic.) STANDARD speaks of "Tom Hood's Song of the Shirt, and a lot of other m'elving drivel.".... The Newcastle (N.S.W.) CALL writes that "Carlington" (ancient name, "Bullock Island") contributed a drunkard the other morning to Newcastle dock. It's a hard case when a man can't celebrate his island's christening without being fined. Who said Australia was a free country?... Richard Gibson, the Melbourne stock-agent, left £123,647.... The Broken-hill (N.S.W.) Co.'s latest yield is 21,300oz. silver, or an average of 103 4/100, per ton, at a cost of £4 10s. per ton. The cost of packing flour from Derby to the alleged Kimberley goldfield is 1s. 6s. per lb. According to all accounts from unprejudiced sources, the field is a fraud.... In the Northern Territory the Chinaman pays an average of £4 in taxes annually against the European's £20. It only takes the yellow animal eight months to make up his poll-tax. At Bourke (N.S.W.) a high-toned dog deliberately drowned himself for fear he might be nominated for Parliament.... "Mr. Joe Bragg is the Sydney D.T.'s name for the notorious 'converted thief.' Please call us Plain Joe in future.... It is proposed in Melbourne to squelch larrikinitis by pasting up the Ten Commandments on the walls of schools. In some quarters, however, it is feared that even if Moses were pasted up along with them the result would be very small.





THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

"Mayor Young received a communication from Sir Saul Samuel yesterday with reference to his Worship's telegram of June 21, offering his and the Corporation's congratulations to the Queen on her having entered the Jubilee Year of her reign. Sir Saul enclosed a copy of the letter he addressed to Sir Henry Ponsonby and the reply he received from Sir Henry, which was as follows:—"Windsor Castle, June 26, 1886. Sir,—I am commanded by the Queen to request that you will convey her Majesty's best thanks to the Mayor of Sydney for his kind congratulations on the 49th anniversary of the Queen's accession to the throne."—*Sydney Daily Paper.*

A Diplomatic Distinction with a Darned Difference.

JUBILEE YOUNG THE MAGNIFICENT: "I HUMBLY BEG TO CONGRATULATE YOUR GRACIOUS GORGEOUS EXALTED ILLUSTRIOUS MIGHTY ADORABLE MAJESTY UPON ENTERING THE FIFTIETH YEAR OF YOUR EVER-GLORIOUS REIGN."

H. M.: "I THANK YOU, MAYOR YOUNG, FOR YOUR CONGRATULATIONS ON MY FORTY-NINTH ANNIVERSARY."

J. Y.: "BUT—H'M—HA—ER—EH?"

(Victoria preserves an ominous silence).

J. Y.: "ER—HA—HUM—THAT IS TO SAY—DOES YOUR MAJESTY REALLY MEAN TO SAY THAT YOU AREN'T GOING TO GIMME ONE OF THOSE K.O.M.G. THINGS?"

THEATRE ROYAL.
WILLIAMSON, GARNER and MUSGROVE, Managers.
Lessee, Mr. S. Lazar. Treasurer, Geo. L. Goodman.
Stage Manager, Mr. W. Seagrave.

IMMEDIATE SUCCESS
of the ORIGINAL and ONLY AUTHORIZED
DRAMATISATION of
MARCUS CLARKE'S
great Australian work, adapted by
GEORGE LEITCH.
HIS NATURAL LIFE.

THIS (THURSDAY) EVENING,
and until further notice,
HIS NATURAL LIFE.

Prices as usual: 5s., 3s., 1s.

Tickets for all parts of the house at Westway's
Hotel. Box plan open at Theatre daily, from 10
to 5. Telephone No. 114.

NEW OPERA HOUSE.
Lessee ... Messrs. E. Majeroni and W. J. Wilson.
Under the management of
Messrs. Williamson, Garner, and Musgrove.

LAST TWO NIGHTS
of the
GREAT LONDON SUCCESS,
THE CANDIDATE

THIS (THURSDAY) EVENING, AUGUST 19,
Mr. HARRY SAINT MAUR.
and the
ROYAL COMEDY COMPANY,
in the brilliant Criterion Comedy,
THE CANDIDATE,
written by Justin McCarthy, M.P.

Assistant Stage Manager—Mr. Patterson.
Business Manager for W., G., and M.—Mr. W.
Hughes.

ROYAL STANDARD THEATRE,
CASTLEREAGH-STREET.
Between Liverpool and Bathurst streets.
Lessee ... Mr. Frank Smith.
Manager for Mr. F. Smith ... Mr. J. Grant.
Under the management of Mr. Dampier.
Business Manager ... Mr. Fred. Gunther.
LAST NIGHT
FOR THE TERM OF HIS NATURAL LIFE.
TO | FRIDAY | MORROW,
GRAND FASHIONABLE NIGHT,
When will be repeated,
Shakespeare's comedy in 5 acts,
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.
Shylock ... Mr. DAMPIER.
On SATURDAY NEXT,
the London, Paris, and New York success, entitled
THE LYONS COURTIER.

GAIRTY THEATRE.
Lessee ... Mr. John Solomon.
Sub-Lessee ... Mr. John F. Sheridan.
A HIT. A HIT.
WELL, I TOLD YOU SO.
A CROWDED HOUSE.
NAP. NAP.
The favorite Souvenir.
AMY HORTON | NAN | AMY HORTON.
H. J. SAMUELL, Manager.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Lessee and Proprietor ... F. E. Hiscocks.
Business Manager ... A. L. Cunard.
TREMENDOUS SUCCESS of the
RENOWNED
RAYNOR BROTHERS,
the Eccentric
COMEDIANS and MUSICAL ARTISTES,
in conjunction with
HISCOCKS' FEDERAL MINSTRELS.
Reserved seats at Nicholson's, cor. King & Geo. sts.

THE ALHAMBRA MUSIC HALL.
George-street, Haymarket.

Proprietor and Manager ... Mr. Frank Smith.
Business and Stage Manager ... Mr. E. Shipp.

The MATTHEWS' 3rd WEEK,
in their Amusing Entertainment, including their
original comic Believing and Marvellous
Electric Hats.

The GIANT ROPE-WALKING.
UNPRECEDENTED ENTHUSIASM.
In conjunction therewith our usual Circle of
Entertainers will appear Every Evening.

Popular Prices: Orchestra chairs, 2s; stalls, 1s;
balcony, 6d.

Every Sunday Night, Grand Concert Spiritual,
at 7.30 o'clock.

LYNCH FAMILY BELERINGERS
(Organised 1867).
Manager ... Harry Lynch.
WILL SHORTLY RE-APPEAR in SYDNEY.

Itsoons they heard a most melodious sound,
Of all that might delight a dainty ear,
Such as at once might not on living ground,
Save in this Paradise be heard elsewhere;
Right hand it was for might which did it bear
To rave what manner of music that might be,
For all that pleasing is to living ear
Was there concerted in one harmony.
—(Fairy Queen) SPENCER.

NEW MASONIC HALL,
Castlereagh-street.

ENGLISH
FARLEY'S
OPERA.
COMPANY

REVIVAL OF ENGLISH OPERA.

TO-NIGHT,
THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1886,
and every evening till further notice,
Balfe's charming Opera in 3 acts,
THE BOHEMIAN GIRL.

Devilshoof ... Mr. Farley.
Supported by a full and complete cast.

Powerful and Efficient Orchestra.
Selected Chorus.

Conductor ... Mons. Leon Caron.
Leader ... Mons. De Willmoff.

Piano kindly supplied by BEALE and CO.

Prices, 5s., 3s., 2s., and 1s. Plan of reserved
(5s.) seats at A. Huenerbein and Corbett's, George-
street.

FRANK STUART,
Business Manager.

SCIENTIFIC AND MECHANICAL
EXHIBITION.
Under the distinguished patronage
of
HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR
and
LADY CARRINGTON.

NOW OPEN TO THE PUBLIC DAILY,
at the
EXHIBITION BUILDING,
PRINCE ALFRED PARK,
from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m.,
and in the evening from 7 to 10.

THE EXHIBITION
comprises
Various kinds of Machinery in motion,
Ships' Models.
Electrical and Scientific Appliances.
Drawings, Photographs, &c.

A FIRST-CLASS BAND IN ATTENDANCE.
Botany and Waterloo Trams stop at Gates.

Admission—Adults, 1s. School children under 14
in charge of adults will be admitted free.

Catalogues may be purchased in the Building.

Refreshment Rooms under the supervision of the
COMPAGNONI CATERING CO.

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Honorary Secretary.

THE WORLD-RENOWNED FAUST FAMILY,
and HER VONDE MEHLEN,
The great Cornet Soloist and Musical Virtuoso.
FIRST AUSTRALIAN TOUR.
E. FAUST ... Manager.
Wollongong Temperance Hall, Thurs., Frid., and
Sat., August 19, 20, 21.
Bull, Oddfellows' Hall, Mon. and Tues., August
23, 24.
Shellharbour, Kiama, Broughton Creek, Shoal-
haven to follow.
R. H. BERNARD, Agent.

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(Stuart Cumberland's Rival).
PROF. T. PROUD'S
EXTRAORDINARY ILLUSTRATION OF
DIVINING UNFILTERED THOUGHTS.
Western Tour.—Return Visit.
FORBES Shortly
Cudal, Orange, Wellington, &c., to follow.
I do everything done by Stuart Cumberland in
Sydney.

W. J. HOLLOWAY
and
MISS ESSIE JENYNS,
supported by their especially selected Company,
in
"A Ring of Iron," "A Mad Marriage," "The
Broken Idol," "Hamlet," "Romeo and Juliet,"
"Much Ado About Nothing," "As You Like It,"
&c., &c.
OPERA HOUSE, SYDNEY, SEPTEMBER 11.
"A RING OF IRON."

THEATRE ROYAL,
ROCKHAMPTON.

THE above favourite house of Amusement has
just been thoroughly renovated, and is now
open to Travelling Companies.

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CHARLES NASH,
Proprietor.

MISS JOSEPHINE DEAKIN open to engage-
ment for opera or concert. Muriel Cottage,
Harrington-street, Stanmore.

Horatio Gilbert Parker

(OF CANADA),

THE EMINENT POET, LITTERATEUR, and
SHAKESPEAREAN RECITER,

WILL give a series of popular Friday Even-
ing

RECITALS AND LECTURES,

in the elegant Hall of the Y.M.C.A.,
corner Pitt and Bathurst streets, Sydney,
beginning

FRIDAY EVENING, AUGUST 13,
and for three succeeding Friday evenings,
as follows:—

Friday Evening, August 20,
JULIUS CAESAR.

Friday Evening, August 27,
LECTURE: HUMOURISTS OF AMERICA.

Friday Evening, September 3,
OTHELLO or HAMLET.

Box plan and tickets at Palling's, George-street.
Reserved Seat Tickets for the course, 10s.
Single Tickets, 3s. and 2s.

MORE LIGHT.

TO-NIGHT (THURSDAY), TO-NIGHT,
PROTESTANT HALL, Castlereagh-street.
IX NIGHTS' DEBATE,
between

PROF. GEORGE CHAINY, from America,
the celebrated ORATOR and SPIRITUALIST
LECTURER, and
MR. W. W. COLLINS,
the well-known Secularist Lecturer.

SPIRITUALISM versus MATERIALISM.

PROPOSITION FOR TO-NIGHT:
"That the facts of Modern and Ancient Spiritual-
ism and other Psychic Phenomena make belief in
Immortality both Rational and Scientific." Mr.
Chainy affirms; Mr. Collins denies.
DON'T FORGET—THURSDAY EVENINGS,
August 19, 20, September 2, 9, 16, 23.
Admission, 2s., 1s., and 6d.
Doors Open 7.30. Commence at 8 p.m.
REMEMBER, TO-NIGHT, THURSDAY.

FOLEY'S SYDNEY GYMNASIUM,
At rear of the
WHITE HORSE HOTEL, GEORGE STREET.

INSTRUCTION given every day in Boxing,
Gymnastics, Wrestling, Fencing, &c. For
terms, &c., apply to

H. M. CANSDELL,
Manager and Instructor.

R. M. RILEY
(late of the Detective Force),

Private Inquiry, Missing Friends, and General
Business Agency Office,
73 ROYAL ARCADE, SYDNEY.

Absoconders and wife deserters traced, and all kinds of
confidential inquiries instituted. Evidence obtained in
divorce, libel, fraud, and incendiary cases, for the legal pro-
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marriage, or death, obtained in any part of the world.
Rents and debts collected. From R. M. R.'s long experience
in the Detective Force of New South Wales, Victoria, and
New Zealand, and established agencies in all parts of the
globe, he is in a position to conduct all inquiries with caution,
expedition, and strictest secrecy, and to faithfully and
promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care.

PARRY & Co's
NEW EXTRACT
OF SOAP



THE MARSOPIAL VIEW OF HIM.

Department of Public Works.

Sydney, August 17, 1886.

**TENDERS for PUBLIC WORKS and SUP-
PLIES.**—TENDERS are invited for the fol-
lowing Public Works and Supplies. For full parti-
culars see GOVERNMENT GAZETTE, a file of which
is kept at every Post Office in the colony.

Tenders may be in attendance when the tenders
are opened, and the name of the successful
tenderer will be announced, if possible, before the
duties of the Board have terminated.

No tender will be taken into consideration un-
less the terms of the notice are strictly complied
with.
The Government does not bind itself to accept
the lowest or any tender.

Nature of Works and Supplies	Dates to which Tenders can be received at this office.
Construction of one 50-ton Hop- per Barge, Dredge service	Tuesday, August 24, at 11 o'clock.
Construction of Cattle Trucking Yards at Narramine, Great Western Railway	Tuesday, August 31, at 11 o'clock.
Supply of 1,000,000 Wrought Iron Spikes, Permanent Way	Tuesday, September 7, at 11 o'clock.
Erection of Post and Telegraph Office, Ballina	Tuesday, September 14, at 11 o'clock.
Construction of Overshot Dam at Urama	Tuesday, September 21, at 11 o'clock.
Construction of Wharf and Ap- proach thereto, Sackville Reach	Tuesday, September 28, at 11 o'clock.
Erection of Stable, Fencing, &c., Court-house, Emmaville	Tuesday, October 5, at 11 o'clock.
Erection of Railway Station, Carcoar	
Construction of Engine-shed and Pits, Eskbank, Great Western Railway	
Manufacture in this Colony of Ironwork for lattice girder Bridge over Snowy River at Buckley's Crossing	
Supply of 176,000 Sleepers, Railway Forbes to Wilcannia	
Extension of Main Intercepting Sewer along Parramatta- street	
Construction of the Prince Alfred Hospital Connecting Sewer	
Construction of Iron Water Tower, Wentworth Water Works	
Ditto Pump Chamber, &c., ditto	
Ditto ditto	
Supply of Cast Iron Pipes, Valves, &c., ditto ditto ditto	
Ditto Boiler and Fittings, and Erection of Pumps, ditto ditto ditto	
Ditto Flexible-jointed Pipes, &c., ditto ditto ditto	
Construction of Iron Water Tower, cont. 1, Bourke Water Supply	
Construction of Settling Reser- voirs, Boiler House, &c., cont. 2, Bourke Water Supply	
Supply of Pipe Valves, &c., cont. 3, Bourke Water Supply	
Supply and Erection of Engines, cont. 4, Bourke Water Supply	

W. J. LYNE.

E. CORNILLON & CO., Wine and Spirit
Merchants, 22 BRIDGE STREET, SYDNEY,
Have on Sale—
Mackies & Co. celebrated Whiskie
E. Remy Martin & Co.'s Centaur Brandy, in
bulk and cases
Vve. Martin and Fils Squirrel Brandy
Ca. Vincola del norte de Espana, Rioja Clarets,
Port, &c.
The unequalled A.V.H. Gin, &c., &c.

DEMOCRAT'S POPULAR CONSULTATIONS

CAULFIELD CUP OF 1886,
1500 Subscribers, at £1 each.

First Horse ...	£1000
Second Horse ...	200
Third Horse ...	100

Starters, £100; Non-starters, £'00,
to be divided amongst them.

MELBOURNE CUP OF 1886,
2000 Subscribers, at £1 each.

First Horse ...	£1000
Second Horse ...	300
Third Horse ...	200

(Starters, £250; Non-starters, £250, divided.

Apply at once for tickets, and you are advised
to register letters to ensure safe delivery; and en-
close two addressed envelopes with two stamps
(on any colony) for reply and result. Country
and intercolonial cheques must have exchange
added.

Address—"DEMOCRAT,"

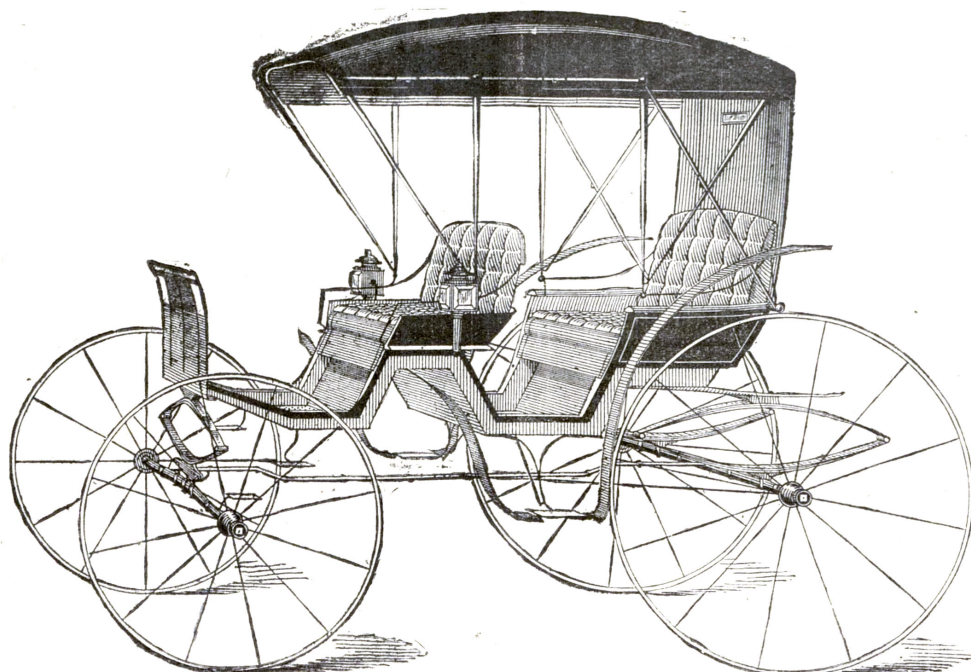
Care of J. P. T. Caulfield,
Carlyle Chambers,
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Modern and Elegant
DESIGNS.

American Buggies,
Carriages,
Harness and Express
Waggons.

BARRON MOXHAM & CO.
27 YORK STREET,
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SPECIALY IMPORTED FOR CITY OR COUNTRY U.S.A.

THE OLD ESTABLISHED

American Carriage
EMPORIUM.

STERLING QUALITY.

LOWEST PRICES.

BARRON MOXHAM & CO

27 YORK STREET,

SYDNEY.

EVERY VEHICLE GUARANTEED

SUNDAY SHOWS.

THEATRE ROYAL—"His Natural Life"..... p. 8.
 GAIETY THEATRE—"Nan".....
 NEW OPERA HOUSE—"The Candidate".....
 ALHAMBRA—Mistral, Olio, and Farce.....
 ROYAL STANDARD THEATRE—"For the Term
 of His Natural Life".....
 ACADEMY OF MUSIC—Federal Minstrels.....
 NEW MASONIC HALL—Farley's Opera Co.....

It is a pity Marcus Clarke was not at Sydney Theatre Royal on Saturday night last. The bright-eyed *litterateur* would have been elated. His great work was ably summarised, splendidly presented, and enthusiastically received. It is hard for a man who feels that he has plenty of high work in him to have to go aside and die. His eyes are full of images, his brain of fancies, and his heart of warm glows. The early death of men like Marcus Clarke gives grim significance to the theory of the survival of the fittest. All around Australia are men who were up in years when Marcus Clarke died. They rub their heads and write away complacently to-day. They have never quickened anybody's pulse, and never will. All their "leaded" columns never raised one flush of bright gladness on any reader's cheek. Yet they are alive and hale, while Marcus is in dust in his coffin. Given a man possessed of flatulent mediocrity, and a man endowed with genius, and it will, we think, be found in 99 cases out of 100, that genius will die before it sees the face of its child, while flatulent mediocrity will come in white gloves to the wedding of its grand-children. That is what philosophers call the survival of the fittest. Philosophy is the most ironical of studies. Irony is the severest truth.

The novel has been split up to a prologue and four acts. Hampstead Heath, with its murder and sacrifice, is presented. We get the convict ship, with the conspiracy "treason deck and mutiny above." The little island on which the wrecked people lodge rises up like a picture in a dream. Rocks and sea-shells, sand and foliage look fresh and natural. The convict settlement, Port Arthur, exhibits its beasts of lawlessness and its beasts of law. Mr. Leitch shows that a man may follow the pursuit of adaption and yet have good in him. Most adapters are sorry humburs. Their sterile souls don't know a good thought when they see it. They strangle fine fancies, thinking they are giving them point. These remarks imply no comparisons, the writer not having witnessed the version of "His Natural Life" put upon the boards by Mr. Dampier. Mr. Leitch preserves a phrase or two which call up the original copy.

Marcus Clarke was a *litterateur* who, under stress of circumstance, worked as a journalist. These are different professions. They become one when the *litterateur* is low, or the journalist high. Kepler told fortunes from the stars. He didn't believe a bit in them, but the money he made in that way enabled him to study the higher astronomy. A man cannot live by literature in Australia. There are no magazines or reviews to give adequate employment to that order of ability. The literature of the newspapers is mostly foreign. There are syndicates in England who will sell to Australian newspaper proprietors the right of publishing English serials at 5s. per column. The editor fills his novelist's page in this way. It saves money to the firm and conceals his own incapacity to determine the merit of manuscripts. The proprietors are not themselves, in all cases, intellectual men, and the editors know that. Literature was higher in Australia twenty years ago than it is now. Its prospects were less interrupted. Literary quacks, by projecting bogus Australian magazines, which were no more than advertisements of their promoters and a few others of similar ambitions, have done the pursuit much harm. But still the literary mind exists. It is occasionally detectable even in the columns of the newspaper. Breadth and depth of view, elevation of sentiment and generous appreciation of conflicting opinions, are discarded. The trend of the literary mind is towards the permanent, that of the journalistic towards the temporary. The apotheosis of the journalistic mind is the short-hand reporter; the apotheosis of the literary mind is the epic poet. Marcus Clarke's journalism was not of the usual kind. It was akin to the Bohemianism of journalism one may meet in London or Paris. It called on faculties of thought that the typical journalist ignores or is ignorant of. The polished sentences that the typical journalist throws together anyhow. There is sloppiness in his novel, but it is rare, and where it occurs it can be attributed to his journalism.

The acting of the play was intelligent. Mr. Leitch's Rev. Joshua Meekin was a well-worked-out conception. The character fits. It is the clearest-marked and best-sustained in the play. The gentleness, amiability, delicacy, and elaborate formality of the little divine are nicely portrayed. We mean the word *nichely*. Mr. Leitch must have been strongly tempted to broaden some features into burlesque. The pronunciation of a word and the race from observation here and there, indicate that the temptation was at work. But he kept his idea tightly in hand and produced a homogeneous picture. Miss Thomas played Sylvia. When first she is seen she is older than the novel represents, but one gathers an image of what she wants to be and comes to like her. Where, at Port Arthur, Davies tried to awaken in her a recollection of herself and of his past relations with her, her attitude of unconsciousness is skillfully managed.

Mr. Phil. Beck, the Rufus Dawes of the play, was in wrong boots. We look upon Mr. Beck as one of the very best good stage villains in Australia. We associate him with young Mr. Bowser. Rufus Dawes is not, however, a villain. Nor in Mr. Leitch's adaptation is he a strong character, anyway. We think Mr. Beck did not choose this part. He should have been Maurice Frere. As it was, Mr. Gerald was only moderate as Frere, while genuine ability of the villain type went to waste on Dawes. We have not seen much of Miss Kate Douglas, who figured as the Delilah, Sarah Purfoy. We don't remember noticing her before. Her acting on Saturday night was fine. After drawing the curtain in the captain's cabin, gesture, feature, tone, revealed abilities equal to any displayed throughout the whole performance.

"Nan," at the Sydney Gaiety, has reappeared in a freshly-upholstered and re-stuffed condition. The first part of the comedy has been rendered more farcical than ever by the introduction of a large monkey which assails Kenard and Gloutz, the polyglot waiters, and knocks Renard into Gloutz and Gloutz into Renard until it is hard to say which of the spiderish pair it was that said "Sacre-e-e-e" and which it was that screamed "Mein Gott." Mudd is almost the only character who has not improved—in fact, we are inclined to prefer the original Mudd, and are considering the advisability of christening the new one "Slush" by way of distinction. The part of Professor Booodle is also in new hands, and Mr. Hall plays it tolerably well, though in one respect he certainly failed to look the character. A brose-down over very rough country, who has dropped into damp holes, and scrambled over mountains in a desperate effort to keep ahead of an unflinching bailiff, does not generally turn up in faultless black, and if Mr. Hall would only throw a lump of mud at himself he would present a better picture of the bushranger Romeo. Mr. Sheridan, as Nap, either wears his kilts a little shorter or has grown his legs a little longer than before. In any case, the character is a revelation in stage art. Nap makes such good use of his lower limbs that we are convinced he might get through his part admirably with them alone, provided he could put himself on the stage from the waist downward, and leave his head and his spare rib outside. He seems even to smile with his calves, and flirts chiefly by means of his shins. Occasionally he mixes Nap O'Brien with the Widow O'Jinks—in fact, he has led us to mix them, too—but that is a small matter. Mr. Knight Astor, Messrs. Walsh and King, and Miss Living-

ston supply some excellent songs, and the other characters are well up to the mark. Mons Durand plays the monkey so well that we strongly advise him to glue his tail on permanently and cultivate a thick hairy hide, and be an ape to the end of the chapter, for even in N.S.W. they can't collect taxes from a monkey. A mention must be made of Mr. Samuel, the energetic manager, who leans against the wall with his usual grace and efficiency.

The short farce "Nan," with which the entertainment commenced, deserves a passing kick—we mean notice. It is the story of a dirty little girl of the tomboy description, who is adopted by a couple of British workmen, and who afterwards repents and washes herself with a bar of yellow soap. She also saves a child from drowning, tears the landlord's son to rags and hits him on the head with a cabbage, and makes love to a young man of the milk-and-water, cow-and-pump school. Her two fathers are wooden-headed leopards, and we regret to mention that they don't wash themselves. They shed tears instead, and each drops a tear and a streak alongside their British noses in their progress. Nan, in her reformed state, is rather attractive, though she objects to doing too much ablution at once, and starts her new life with a huge coal smudge on her neck, and with a pair of boots that might fit an unbrushed elephant. But we object strongly to the good young man; we have met a good many of the sort in our pilgrimage through this vale of tears, and we always felt a desire to kick them—in fact, we did kick several.

Owing to a combination of adverse circumstances we did not do justice to the new programme of the Federals at Sydney Academy. The opening songs were excellent, especially Mr. Read's "Tough and Hardy," but just as we were in the height of enjoyment, Alf Morton arose and announced in verse that he would "Like to be an Alligator." This stupendous outburst of ambition knocked us flat, and we fell to drawing fancy pictures of Alf with a long scaly tail, which would be capable of flicking a Baptist church into the middle of a Catholic cathedral. Then we began to speculate on the chances we would have to make in anatomy in order to fix on the tail; and we resolved to take out the lower joints of his spine and tie on the caudal appendage with barbed wire. When we awoke from our reverie an interesting farce, entitled "Fun in a Fog," was just beginning, but at this moment a circumstance entirely beyond our control—an Irish circumstance six feet high, with a strong Tipperary accent—called us away, and we saw no more of the performance that night.

"The Bohemian Girl" has now taken the place of "The Chimes of Normandy" at the New Masonic Hall, Sydney, and proves at least an equal success. It is a considerable time since we last witnessed this piece, and we not unreasonably feared, therefore, that in the interval the Bohemian girl might have grown up and married, and got old and gray, perhaps even bald, and that we might find her engaged, spanning a family of towzled little Bohemians, or waiting the return home of a convivial husband who stays out late at his club and arrives in a state of glorious Bohemian drunk. It was a great relief, therefore, to find her as young and charming as ever, though her personal freshness is unaccountable. Perhaps she was originally a contralto, and, as this is the only other one, for the last few years was certainly about 45 years of age, and boasted of a bush of hair which made us think a Chinese washing-bill had taken root on the top of her head. Moreover, she addressed her baronial parent without an "h," and that individual, when his long-lost child was restored to him, wept as though he had been peeling onions, and pressed a long and pathetic-looking Austrian nose against her cheek in an outburst of joy. We are prepared, however, to take our solemn affidavit that the Bohemian girl whom we saw on Saturday was not the same, and after viewing her performance we can only hope that the other one has found out her true vocation and is now carrying bricks.

As Devilshoof, Mr. Farley carried off a large share of the honours. No doubt a certain class of critics will complain, as before, that his acting was lacking in energy, and to a certain extent the charge would be well-founded; in other words, he did not flop up and down like an insane horse in a dust-hole at critical moments, nor climb three feet in the oxygen, and claw after the great unattainable when defying his enemies in the first act, and thereby give them a chance to dodge between his legs and take him in his Bohemian rear when he was down. He has done so he would probably have afforded a little extra gratification to the cheap gods at the back, but, on the other hand, the average gipsy is too indolent to flop unless it is absolutely necessary, and Devilshoof is a typical gipsy, though a little more daring than the majority of his class. Mr. Farley portrayed him as a cool, hardened, world-worn adventurer, alert and watchful, but not noisy, a man who never howls or utters anything to be gained by it, and even then howls no louder than he can help, and the representation could hardly be improved upon. Mr. Walshe was a success as Thaddeus, though, as before, his singing was better than his acting. He was a great improvement on the last down-trodden Pole we met, an individual with a broken hat, who looked as if he had exchanged shirts with a complete madman and a tentot, and who had us for half-a-crown, after telling us a woe-tale of suffering. His name was Smith, and we have felt bad on Poles ever since. Miss St. John made her first appearance this season in the character of Arline, and gave a really splendid rendering of the part, her singing taking the audience by storm at the outset. Mrs. Florence Seymour played the Gipsy Queen well, but the character is not new, and to a certain extent, as of Germaine in "Les Cloches de Corneville," and Mr. Templeton appeared as the red-legged, badly-shaven Count. Possibly Austrian razors are not sharp, or it may be that counts are born in a stubby condition, but at all events we hope, for the credit of the aristocracy, that those gaudy pants which loomed on the stage like the glare of a conflagration in a chemical factory, are not common. In the second and third acts this gentleman was toned down a little, and clothed in a dark, elegant suit on his chin, but even then he figured as a lurid bass fly—or rather blue-bottle—in the operatic ointment (metaphor a little mixed).

We hate to accuse anyone of forgery, especially when we can't prove it, but we would be glad to know where one individual in the orchestra got those notes which he blew through a wind instrument. He was peaceful and even quiet at times, but just at a critical moment he and his blow-pipe rose together like a shriek in a cemetery, and the ensuement was remembrance. We only once heard it equalled, and that was by an anonymous animal, half dog and half dynamite scare—a low and vulgar beast which we don't want to see again—in a travelling menagerie.

The Sydney Royal Standard was crowded on Friday when "The Merchant of Venice" was produced. Sandwiched in between the periwinkles and the larrinkism of Thursday night, and the convict-flogging business, which was resumed on Saturday, Shylock was placed in rather bad company, but he made the best of the infliction. Our own sympathies are entirely with the afflicted and embezzled Hebrew. According to his own showing in the first act, he is used as a spittoon and a door-mat, and various other articles of domestic furniture, by the Christian merchant, and yet during all the years since the drama was written it seems to have occurred to very few that accounts would best be squared by turning Antonio into a cat, and making Shylock a K.O.M.G. in recompense for his sins. The Venetian merchant spends his whole life in treading on a book-used Israelitish worm, and when at length the tough, yellow reptile turns, all Venice rolls up to jump on him. Yet Shylock is dignified to the last. When his daughter skedaddles with his oriental over-draft he curses her with vigour and intelligent energy, but his curse is nothing compared to

the last words of an Australian bushman, when he dies with a boomerang in his stomach and an empty whisky bottle by his side, and the Jew is at all events much better than his modern prototype. If he lived at the present day he would probably be writing novels and dedicating them to his uncle, or loading round Government House and shaking hands with Lord Carrington, or he would be a philanthropist, or a public nuisance, or he might even be converted and become a N.S.W. Christian—not a Galilee Christian, for that species is extinct. Antonio, on the other hand, though he sets all the public sympathy, is a mean and bigoted sneak of the old Venetian school. He is not good enough to turn into a decent kanaka or horse-thief; he would make only a fifth-rate Chinaman, for he has neither energy nor brains enough to look like a Mongol, and he is very little better than an average M.L.A. What Shylock meant to do with the pound of flesh, had he got it, has never been explained, but it is probable that he intended to give it to the yellow dog that howled at night in the next yard, and thereby take a fiendish vengeance on that slush-coloured animal. But, unfortunately, his design miscarried, and the drama concludes with the spectacle of a baffled money-lender, one-third Cossack, one-third Venetian lunatic, and one-third bottomless pit, humping Antonio's dishonoured promissory-note off the stage. The document is not very heavy to carry, but if the unlucky Jerusalem man had also to carry all the sins which the Antonio calmly acknowledged in the first act he would have been compelled to load a bullock-draw with lies and meanness, and even then a lot of sham medieval Christianity would have trailed behind the over-laden vehicle.

Mr. Dampier put away his eye-glasses and took the part of the Jew, and it is a relief to note that Shylock does not go to chase cows on the Hawkesbury. The spectacle of an aged Hebrew trying to milk a haughty Christian cow would not be edifying. Mr. Holloway gave up hearing voices that night on the damp grass of the Domain, and made a tolerable Antonio. Mr. Harry Leaton transposed himself from a Chinaman—whose name sounded like a bad cold—into the Venetian Gratiano, but something of the odour of Lower George-street seemed to cling round him still, like a slop-halo on an unhealthy saint. The performance will be repeated, however, on Friday, and we will endeavour to give the other characters the notice they deserve in our next issue. For the present "His Natural Life" is again to the fore, and is proving a great financial success, but for our own part we would rather hunt up the beast of Revelations than visit it again. This animal, by the bye, "continued for 42 months," so we presume he also was a financial success, and that the beastly treasury was well filled.

At Sydney Princess the hairy Buffalo is ending his career in a blaze of horned glory. On Saturday, "a great double bill" was presented, a sort of thing that is often presented to us by the gas official, owing to the meadacity of the meter, and a good attendance resulted. Two large new jokes, and a few very good songs were given; and the members of the mysterious "Order of Full Wombs"—something akin to Miss Braddon's "Cheerful Cherokees"—went through their old performance. The melancholy sketch, "In Heavy Training," turned up again, and though the point of this item consists chiefly in a le-nigger knocking down a shiny fat ditto with a broom when the latter's back is turned, it took very well. Fred. Garrett, the contortionist, contorted a little more than usual, and turned himself outside in, till only the top of his shirt was visible. Then he tied his spine in a knot, and swallowed something—we could not exactly see what, but we fancy it was himself, and the "great double bill" as well, after which "Blinks and Jinks" brought the performance to a successful close, and left about 10 baskets of smashed nigger lying about the stage. The season has been a good one on the whole, though the Princess is a theatre which it is very hard to run as a financial success, and a good deal of credit is due to Mr. Ashton for the results he has achieved in the ill-omened York-street caravanserai.

The commissioners who have been engaged inspecting the Sydney places of amusement report that two are in a dangerous condition, owing to defective means of egress, &c., and that in the event of a panic terrible loss of life might ensue. No names are given, however, and as a matter of common justice to the public and to the owners and lessees of other establishments, the theatres in question should be immediately pointed out.

The campanological Lynches are in Sydney recuperating their forces for a comprehensive attack on the city. Theatre and dates not yet fixed.

An American physician, who had watched Mary Anderson play "Juliet," said to her: "My dear young lady, you are wrong in one of your effects. Don't you know that a corpse doesn't stiffen for at least six hours after death?" "My dear doctor," responded Mary, slowly, speaking in deep, rich tones, and adopting a strong American twang, "do you think I'm going to keep my audience waiting for six hours while I stiffen?"

A London actress sued a critic for damages, he having described her as "an antique." She proved that her age was not such as to justify that term, and that she had been annoyed by letters asking her if she had any "antique" ornaments anywhere about her, or if any limbs were wanting. The critic had to pay, but had his revenge by announcing next day that he had been in error, that the lady was about to celebrate her 18th birthday, and that there would be a fine family gathering of all her children and grandchildren.

Yet another hash of "His Natural Life," is touring around in Victoria. Mr. Jingo Tyrrell (who brought a farcical action against the "triumvirate" for infringement of copyright) is running this latest dramatic perversion of the novel. The playbill is a literary feast in itself. It is constructed after the pantomime pattern, whereon all the characters have their personal characteristics sandwiched between brackets. Gabbet, we find, is played by a Lieutenant Hermann (a specially engaged actor to realise Marcus Clarke's idea). What a proud officer it ought to be!

HYMN TO HERMANN.
 Have you got G.'s classic features?
 Do you kill your fellow-creatures
 And make barbaquets of their bodies till your
 humper is assured?
 Are your manners, ways, and habits,
 Then, the counterparts of Gabbet's?
 Why have you, good Lieutenant, been so specially
 engaged?

It is related that a certain giddy old earl who used to be very sweet on Mrs. Langtry, but hadn't seen her since she entered the dramatic profession, by chance met her one afternoon coming out of Atkinson's in Bond-street. "And what are you doing now, eh?" he asked, steadily himself on his stick and scanning her pretty face through his eye-glasses. "Why, I'm playing at Prince's still," she replied, with her well-known little pout. "What? Playing at prince's still?" he repeated. "Egad, I thought you had given that up and gone on the stage a couple of years ago."

It is stated that George Darrell intends retiring from the stage and devoting himself entirely to authorship. Another report has it, however, that George proposes giving up authorship and adhering closely to the stage. We wonder which is true!

Persons who work behind desks and worktables to them Wolfe's Schnapps is recommended. Marie Brizard! Marie Brizard! Marie Brizard! As a strengthener of the weak Wolfe's Schnapps is absolutely matchless.

CANNOT BE GAINSAYED.

The following endorsements from prominent people living in our midst, carry with them the weight of conviction. Read them carefully, be guided by the experience and advice given and thus escape the suffering they endured through ignorance of that which you can so readily obtain.

A LIVING, WALKING TESTIMONIAL.
 PETERSHAM, DEVON COTTAGE, YULE STREET (SYDNEY), N.S.W., 22nd May, 1886.—"After five years of at times intense suffering, and now having been restored in so short a time, and at such a trifling cost fills me with gratitude, so that I cannot forbear praising WARNER'S SAFE CURE, and SAFE PILLS wherever I go. I suffered with pains all over, but chiefly in the back, legs, side, and chronic liver and kidney disease. I had frequently to leave my work for days together and take to my bed. During all this time I was under several doctors, and was surprised to find they did me so little good. I placed no confidence in proprietary medicines, but having to leave my work again through another attack, I was advised to try WARNER'S SAFE CURE, which I did. My appetite at this time was so poor, I did not eat one good meal in three days, so that I was very much reduced when I commenced WARNER'S SAFE CURE AND SAFE PILLS, and what surprised me most was to find that I derived more benefit from a single bottle of WARNER'S SAFE CURE than from all the five years' doctoring. Six bottles completed a perfect cure. I am told I am a living testimonial to the value of WARNER'S SAFE REMEDIES."

Thomas Kearney

Govt. Printing Office.

BLEEDING PILES PERMANENTLY CURED.
 PYRMONT, 102 JOHN STREET (SYDNEY), N.S.W., May 21, 1886.—"For some time past I have suffered with pains in my back and legs, and in my legs, I frequently would rise six or seven times in a night to urinate, which gave me great pain, the urine being scalding hot. I suffered too from bleeding piles. Since taking WARNER'S SAFE CURE I am once more quite well, and able to do my work, although 62 years of age."

John G. Peckham

CURED.—COULD NOT WALK UPRIGHT.
 PYRMONT, 120 HARRIS STREET (SYDNEY), N.S.W., 21st May, 1886.—"Before taking WARNER'S SAFE CURE AND SAFE PILLS, I had been suffering for some time from pain in my back and legs, a dull heavy pain across my loins, with fearful headaches. I seldom slept at night, and if I dozed off I was terrified by frightful dreams. I often had to rise six or eight times a night to urinate. My urine contained a large quantity of albumen. During this time I lost a deal of flesh, was laid off work, and not much prospect of being able to resume it, as the doctors did me little or no good. I became so weak, it was with difficulty I could rise from a stooping position, and could not walk upright. Whilst in this state, I got one of 'WARNER'S SAFE CURE' pamphlets, read it carefully, and found a case cured which resembled my own. I purchased a bottle of WARNER'S SAFE CURE which gave a little relief. I got more, and was agreeably surprised to find my pains leave me, and I am quite able to return to my work. I do all I can to spread the knowledge of the value of WARNER'S SAFE REMEDIES, as without them I should still have been a burden to myself and others."

Shoe Owen Williams

CANNOT EXPRESS HIS THANKFULNESS.
 SYDNEY, 523 GEORGE STREET, N.S.W., 15th May, 1886.—"I suffered very much with pains across my back, down the inside of my thighs, together with severe headaches, causing dimness of sight. Could not rest at night, having a desire to urinate without being able to do so. I was advised to try 'WARNER'S SAFE CURE.' I had not taken more than one bottle when I began to realise I had at last found a cure for what I thought an incurable complaint. I am now quite cured, and feel I cannot say too much in favour of 'WARNER'S SAFE CURE' and 'SAFE PILLS.'"

Robt. Jackson

WHEN PHYSICIANS FAIL—SAFE CURE.
 PETERSHAM, 102 JOHN STREET, SYDNEY, N.S.W., 19th May, 1886.—"For the last four years I have been getting worse and worse, suffering from pains in my back, which at times were excruciating. If I stooped it was with the greatest difficulty I could raise myself up again. My urine was dark and cloudy, and my appetite poor. I called in medical advice, but was none the better for it. One medical man candidly told me I might take warm baths, as nothing else would do me any good. I gave up all other medicine and commenced WARNER'S SAFE CURE and SAFE PILLS; by the time I had taken six bottles, I felt a great change. I have now had sixteen bottles, and am well, solely through using WARNER'S SAFE REMEDIES."

Edwin Davis

Govt. R. R. Works.

"SAFE CURE" CURES COLONIAL FEVER.
 SURRY HILLS 334 CLEVELAND STREET, (SYDNEY), N.S.W., 1st May, 1886.—"About the beginning of last December I was taken with what some call the Colonial Fever. I shook from head to foot accompanied with cold, clammy perspiration, was exceedingly nervous, and had aching pains all over my body. My appetite failed, and I was thought to be near my end. During this time I was attended by medical men without the least beneficial result. I was advised to try WARNER'S SAFE CURE. My prejudice against proprietary medicines was such that, although I had the best evidence of the value of the medicine, I did not for some time try it; when I did, however, I had not taken more than two bottles when I began to prove its value. Eight bottles taken and I was at work again quite well."

John Haye

Brickmaker.

CURED OF INCURABLE BRIGHT'S DISEASE.
 ISLINGTON, NEWCASTLE, N.S.W., 23rd April, 1886.—"After being brought very low with Liver and Kidney Disease, and after being under medical treatment six months without recovery, I resolved to give WARNER'S SAFE CURE a trial and did so. At the time I began its use I suffered greatly from sharp cutting pains across my back, and from my side, loss of memory, sickness at the stomach, appetite capricious, urine filled with albumen, etc. I did not derive perceptible good from the medicine until I had taken four bottles, after which my recovery was rapid and complete. I took 53 all about 50 bottles."

Thomas Nolan



THE NEW HEBRIDEAN OUTLOOK.—AJAX JOHNNY CRAPAUD DEFIES THE JINGO LIGHTNING.
(A BIT OF REALISTIC ART, A LA BARNET).

THE CHINESE IN AUSTRALIA.

Their Vices and Their Victims.

DISEASE, defilement, depravity, misery, and crime—these are the indispensable adjuncts which make Chinese camps and quarters loathsome to the senses and faculties of civilised nations. Whatever neighbourhood the Chinese choose for the course of their presence forthwith begins to reek with the abominations which are ever associated with their vile habitations. Wherever the pig-tailed pagans herd on Australasian soil, they introduce and practise vices the most detestable and damnable—vices that attack everything sacred in the system of European civilisation—vices which cannot be named in print, and others infinitely worse, so horrible and heinous that they cannot be spoken of by man to man. Corruption and pollution the most vile, characterise these centres and radiate widely throughout the Mongolian Octopus grows mightily within Australian territory. And stealthily, but surely includes in the grasp of his withering and remorseless arms a daily increasing number of helpless and hopeless victims.

The whole world of land and water produces no form of animal life so repulsive as that of the octopus. In dark ocean caves this brute hides its hideous body, and its prehensile limbs shoot out thence silently and swiftly to grip its unsuspecting prey. So sudden is the attack that the victim knows not its danger until the saucer-shaped suckers, by which the limbs fasten, are pumping its heart's blood into the insatiable maw of its captor. And there is no escape for the prey until its blood and life are alike exhausted; when this is accomplished, the sapless body is permitted to fall away and float where it will, but so long as there is still a single drop of blood remaining, the suckers adhere with more than leech-like persistence and must be cut away one by one before relief can be obtained.

So with the Mongolian Devil-fish. Lurking in his hiding-places, his arms are swift to seize unwary victims which so grappled can never obtain a release so long as they are capable of a disagreeable usefulness, profit, or pleasure. Wherever this hideous monster forces an entrance he stays; wherever he stays he grows, and his growth is induced and made memorable by the destruction of all whom he can grasp and hold by means of the sinews and suckers within and upon his ever-lengthening, ever-strengthening arms. Every one of these arms, each of these sinews and suckers has its own class of victims, or especial mission of iniquity. One arm shoots out and drags the blood of those who approach the lottery-table; another brings the pak-pu or lottery-wheel suckers into play; a third sucks through the agency of the hop-tuck, or opium-pipe, which yearly draws from hundreds of persons their ability, integrity, and virtue; another plunders the law-abiding, and usually moral white workman, who sees the labour which is rightly his, torn from him by a set of moon-eyed whoreson chaps who neither know nor fulfil any avoidable duties to the State or mankind. Corruption, direct and indirect, endows a fifth arm with power to do evil, and health is drawn in by other tentacles which work by aid of the demons of disease bred in the dark, and filthy dens, where the Chinese reckless crowd, and where they allure the victims of their lust. Such are some of the results of the existence of the Chinese Devil-fish in the cities and towns of Australia. Such are some of the kinds of his devastating labours, and such are his pitiable victims. Yet, as like his prototype, he shrinks away into dark corners and dens, his mode and means of life, and the magnitude of his operations are known only to those whom he ruins, and to them the knowledge never comes till the suckers are doing their merciless work.

That is why Chinamen are tolerated in Australia. If the nature of their life, its objects, and results, were fully known, there would not be one Chinaman left on the continent; public ignorance on these points is the only thing that saves the Mongolians from instant expulsion. To set down, as we propose, a few facts about the Chinese in Sydney, necessarily entails a charge of sensationalism, but yet we only publish one-third of our knowledge of the subject. One-third more is not fit to be set forth in print, and an equal portion is forbidden by a libel-law, framed apparently in the direct interests of all who commit criminal acts. For months we have been collecting information of the Chinese, and visiting them in their most secret, and therefore most loathsome, dens. We have allowed them to rob us at fan-tan and pak-pu; to sicken us with loathsome filth; to burden their vile and polluted dens. That we have risked health, and safety, is merely a necessary incident of the enquiry; that very faculty and sense has been affronted by the various features of the scene is only an assertion of the fact that ordinary white men are less degraded than the Mongols and their victims. And having thus ascertained the truth of the whole question, we venture to publish a portion of that, regardless of the fact that there will be many who taunt us from the pulpit and the press with the charge of being mere sensationalists.

What do the general public of New South Wales think of the Chinese? They buy cabbages from them, never asking how those cabbages have been grown; they occasionally buy cigars from them, without enquiring whether those cigars have paid duty for their purchase; they buy furniture, not troubling to consider by what class of workmen that furniture has been made; and perhaps they think the almond-eyed Mongol not half a bad fellow. They even ascribe some admirable virtues to him. He does not drink, it is said, and is, therefore, more moral than the Australian, who has a lamentable tendency that way; he is civil, even to a cop; he has overcome the robbery of growing carous out of sewage and sand; and as he sells his goods usually at a shade below the price required by Europeans, the unrequiring purchasers are inclined to regard him with a mild kind of admiration. They see that there are some advantages to be gained by dealing with him, and they know nothing, and therefore believe nothing, regarding his devastating vices. His pack-reers are regarded as a peculiarity of the Celestial Empire; the game which his face bears, and of which the foundations were laid immediately after his birth, they account for by racial reasons; and the evil odour and evil look which he carries they explain by his nationality. Passing along Lower George-street, Goulburn-street, or some of the streets in the lower suburbs, and noticing the aggressive atmosphere of stink—no other word describes it—stink from the cocksh-pu, stink from the opium dens, stink arising from the filth of the dwellings, and the filth of which the skin of every fan-tan-shop Chinaman carries a share—the careless Australian merely bats his step and passes along, wondering for a moment, perhaps, what those houses are like inside which are so foul-smelling and foul-looking without. Men of more observant nature, noticing that the doorways of some of these filthy dens are filled with opium-packing caricatures of humanity, whose numbers certainly indicate neglect of all laws of hygiene, shudder at the fretting of small-pox, cholera, or other disease, which, nursed in these pestilential dens, may one day go forth through the streets of the city and strike down unnumbered victims. And there is to be observed the sign of more certain calamity—a calamity of to-day, and every day as large as the Chinese hordes are allowed to defile this fair city—a calamity which besets the future, health prospects, and hopes of thousands of young men and girls really—a calamity which is achieved at the fan-tan table, the pak-pu-dives, and more than all at the opium couch, and in chambers of sexual degradation, a sight or detailed description of which would make the strong man shudder, the virtuous stand aghast, and the sensual and depraved in the eye of a Christian code, sicken with undisguised disgust.

And all these institutions for the demoralising of humanity are carried on without hindrance

or restraint from the laws of the colony. If an Australian started a fan-tan hell, Darlington would be his home, and stone-breaking his employment, within a month; and indulgence in pak-pu lottery would similarly mean penal seclusion for a lengthy period. But no such just retribution overtakes the Mongolian. The laws of the colonies are protective of his life and property, but are to him devoid of punitive power. If an Australian steals a cabbage from a Chinaman's garden, the law is swift to avenge; but no law interferes when the same Chinaman robs the Australian of money, health, and all that makes life worth having. Nor can it be considered as certain that life itself is not sometimes taken in those ominously foul and obscure dives, approached by dark and narrow stairs or ladders leading down to intricate and tortuous passages. Certain it is that murders might daily be committed in these branch offices of hell, without a chance of discovery by the outside world, and it is similarly certain that there are Chinamen having access to these rooms who are debased and brutal enough to bite a man's ear off for a shilling.

How do all these Chinamen live, is a question that must often arise, when it is remembered that there were 10,205 in New South Wales in 1881—an increase of 3000 since 1871—of whom more than a third, upwards of 4000, then lived in Sydney and suburbs, and that the number has been a deal to considerably since then. How do they obtain the money which enables a majority of them to pass the hours of daylight in lordly idleness, and what is their conduct within their own houses? How do they live, and on whom? Follow them into their houses, and you will solve the problem as far as it concerns a very large number of them.

Gambling by pak-pu and fan-tan is the first item in their revenue account, and it is an important one. There is no concealment about the places where these swindles are worked. Anyone

in his habits as a limpet, always adapting the domicile to his own taste, and a sketch of one house will serve as a sample of the rest. Let one den in Sydney, which need not be here named, stand as representative of its class. It has show-windows on either side of the front door. That on the left hand side contains oranges, bananas, and sugar-cane; that on the right is entirely and completely empty. Within the shop a deeply pook-marked Chinaman, sitting on a low stool, sells the fruit over a rough counter in dimension something like an elongated gin-case, or a shortened coffin, and this is the only honest trade carried on in the premises. On the right-hand side the back of the show-window is boarded over, and there is no pretence to any sort of trade except in pak-pu tickets. These are sold by a bland little Pagan, usually assisted in his clerical work by some stone-broke European victim of the lottery frauds. On the wall behind him are posted tickets which have "caught" various prizes, and beside him are hung the marked tickets, the result of the drawings of various banks. His customers plunk a "lokoleoy" (sixpence, or any multiple of it) and mark off 10 characters out of the 80 printed upon the rice-paper voucher handed them by the bland heathen, who, thereupon, proceeds to take a duplicate for the use of the "bank." This front shop is in size about 16 ft. by 8. At the back of the ticket-counter is a door in the wooden partition which, when open, shows a room with sleeping-places or shelves, like those of a book-case, on either side, and with a passage about 2 ft. wide between them. For the dissemination of infectious diseases this system has no equal. To borrow an expression from a recent writer, "the scales of the leprosy man may fall on the healthy man in the berth beneath him." Fancy six or eight men sleeping in a hut, say 7 ft. by 6 and 8 ft. high! Forty-two cubic feet of air to each man! And such air, too! No window is available for the escape of the noxious gases or elements, no door for the renewal of supply. Like pigs the Chinamen lie there, snoring and exhaling the opium



THE CHOW AND HIS CHARMERS.

may go in, although a janitor, looking through a small hole in the door of the inferno, satisfies himself of the appearance of candidates for acceptance before passing them in. The various "banks" and tables are publicly known—known as well to the police as to the civilian. The "Masters" can be pointed out by any of the army of loafers who hang about the street corners; the "Cookshop" is equally celebrated, so are the places where Rick Lee, Lum Lee, Quong Lee, and Lee Lee, and various others carry on a perpetual swindle in a skilful and lucrative manner. A Chinaman's shop without a fan-tan table is as incomplete as a first-class funeral without a corpse, and there are over 20 pak-pu "banks," each with a full staff of officials, in Sydney and its suburbs, going all day and half the night as well. In the five principal camps in the country visited by Inspector Brennan and Mr. Quong Tart in 1883, the total of inhabitants was 942; of these 365 were prostitutes and 38 women married to Chinamen 28 Chinese return themselves as gamblers, and 133 as of no occupation. That the number of professional gamblers is absurdly underestimated may be judged from the fact that the Allure camp, which then maintained 12 fan-tan tables to a population of 110, does not appear to have any gamblers at all, although the report states that gambling is carried on extensively, so that if the return speaks truly the tables are not at all and run themselves—a inference which borders on the improbable.

Wherever the Chinese settle in Australia their chief industry is the robbery of Europeans by the simple agency of their national games. Sydney is no more cursed, in proportion to population, by start-eyed swindlers than are Melbourne, Brisbane, Sandhurst, Rockhampton, and other Australian cities, and with a mere alteration of names whatever is here written of Sydney dens, will be equally fitted to the description of the results of the Mongolian invasion in other colonies. The dens are wonderfully safe in appearance, for the Chinaman is as conservative

and tobacco which they have been smoking; like pigs in the dirt which clings to them; like rats in their utter indifference to the debasing influence of their surroundings; and like men only in their ability to attain to depths of degradation from which the insensate beasts are barred. Passing through the shop by a door at the left-hand corner, a passage at the side of the show-window, the den leads to another room about 16 ft. by 10 where a gesticulating and malodorous gang of Chinamen crowd round a fan-tan table at which Europeans are not allowed to play. Small stakes in silver or copper are the rule, but sometimes gold glitters there and notes rustle, for every Chinaman is an inveterate gambler, and grows reckless in his play. This room is about 8 ft. high, for with that passion for accumulating specie at the expense of health and every other desideratum, the lesser or their predecessors have run a platform across the width of the room to serve either as a sleeping place or store—it is impossible to say which. Passing through this room access is gained to the den in which European gamblers are fleeced. There the unsophisticated junior clerk who, for the first time in his life, is earning a "salary"; the more experienced book-keeper, whose reason tells him he is a fool to sub-mit to so bald a system of robbery; the "cute" waiter, who is wide awake in all money-dealings, save with the Mongolians; and the otherwise sensible workman or lunper with the sweat of the day's work still on his forehead—all linger until they come to a state of stone-broke, and then sullenly and slowly pass out with a deep contempt of the folly which leads them on to misery and ruin, but usually without equally firm determination to come back and "steal the Chow's" by means of some infallibly remunerative style of play on a future occasion.

There is a fearful fascination about the game. There are no soft allurements in the surroundings, no soft attentions to the vice, and no attempt whatever to cloak the process of robbery. The "fan-dealer" is usually repulsively ugly even

for a Mongolian; the cashier generally uglier still; and the animal who acts as door-keeper and chucker-out, a striking compound, unless his face be a libel, of all the worst varieties of vice and villainy which are capable of attaching to themselves to the human mind. Everything is repellent, everything vile about the Chinese fan-tan dives. There is the heavy-bodied leering trinity of gaudily-painted yods against the wall, before whom a gloomy oil-lamp continually burns; there are the reckless and dissipated gamblers who hang round the tables; there is the glaring swindling of the fan-dealer, and the frequent "pointing" of the cashier; and there is the seething, stinking atmosphere of the room, reeking with the odour of opium, fish-oil, Chinese cookery, sewerage, and all manner of muck—all these things eloquently protesting against the presence of any persons who respect themselves, or desire to be respected by others. Yet, in spite of all disgusting and repelling influences, there are men—young and old—some well and carefully creased, some evidently of repute in circles where their gambling habits are not known, playing at lunch-time, in the afternoon, or at night, whenever they can escape for a few moments from office or from home, in the mercenary places who carry on business in the vicinity of these places how many clerks they have had to dismiss because of a fatal fondness for these games; ask other employers who have suffered from peculations—peculations brought about by the infatuation of fan-tan; or ask the poverty-oppressed wife who lives on a crust because her husband's ample wage is weekly offered on the fan-tan board as an oblation to a fate directed by an infallible system of swindling—ask them how great a power this hell-borne game has over its European victims. And on this point useful and valuable testimony comes from Mr. Groom, of Melbourne, who has for years been trying to evolve the latent virtues of a large number of alleged larrikins. He states that one of the chief difficulties on the way of reforming his boys is the fact that they are constantly drawn back into all manner of vice by the irresistible attraction of these fatal fan-tan tables.

But what, it may be wondered, is this game which exercises so potent an influence? It is as simple as pitch-and-toss. The appliances consist only of a square plate of iron, numbered 1, 2, 3, and 4 on the respective sides, and a number of counters or "cash," in size something like ordinary trouser-buttons. The dealer takes a handful of these from the ample heap before him, and heaps them under a cup; then the money is staked on either side of the board; the dealer lifts the cup, rakes out the counters by four at a time, and the number remaining after the last four is drawn determines the winning side. Thus, if there be 33 counters placed under the cup, four is the winner; if 31, three, and so on with other numbers. Then the winners, if any, are paid, and a fresh deal at once started. The methods of swindling are experiences all over the alleged game. The odds paid to winners are substantially 3 to 1 every time; they nominally amount to 2 to 1, whether the money is placed on the "fan," or the "nim," or the "save,"—positions which need not be described—but a commission varying from 8% to about 20 per cent is deducted from winners, and other odds unnumbered, but not unknown, are constantly practised. There is the device of "spring-coins." These are slightly thicker than the ordinary counters, and when tapped with the stick used by the dealer for raking them in, the spring which holds the two halves of the coin together is released, and what was a single coin counts two. Thus, if the three is heavily backed while the four carries no money, the spring-coin enables the dealer to swindle the rightful winners and "reap the pool." But this device is not very often used; it is liable to detection, and other methods are easier. Besides the commission, which is good every time, there is a steady means of gain in the power which the dealer acquires by long practice of knowing by the weight of the counters which he lifts from the heap how many there are, and, consequently, what the remainder will be. This may seem utterly incredible, but it rests upon strong proof. Often in the day-time when no victims are expected, the "fan-dealer" may be seen taking up the counters, lifting up, and then counting them to see if his estimate of their number is correct; and frequently when big money is placed upon a number just before the cup is lifted, a look of error may be noticed in the eyes of the otherwise unimpressible and immovable dealer. A good "fan-dealer" in Frisco is frequently paid as much as £5 a night, and it is affirmed that the services of such are of almost equal value in Sydney and Melbourne.

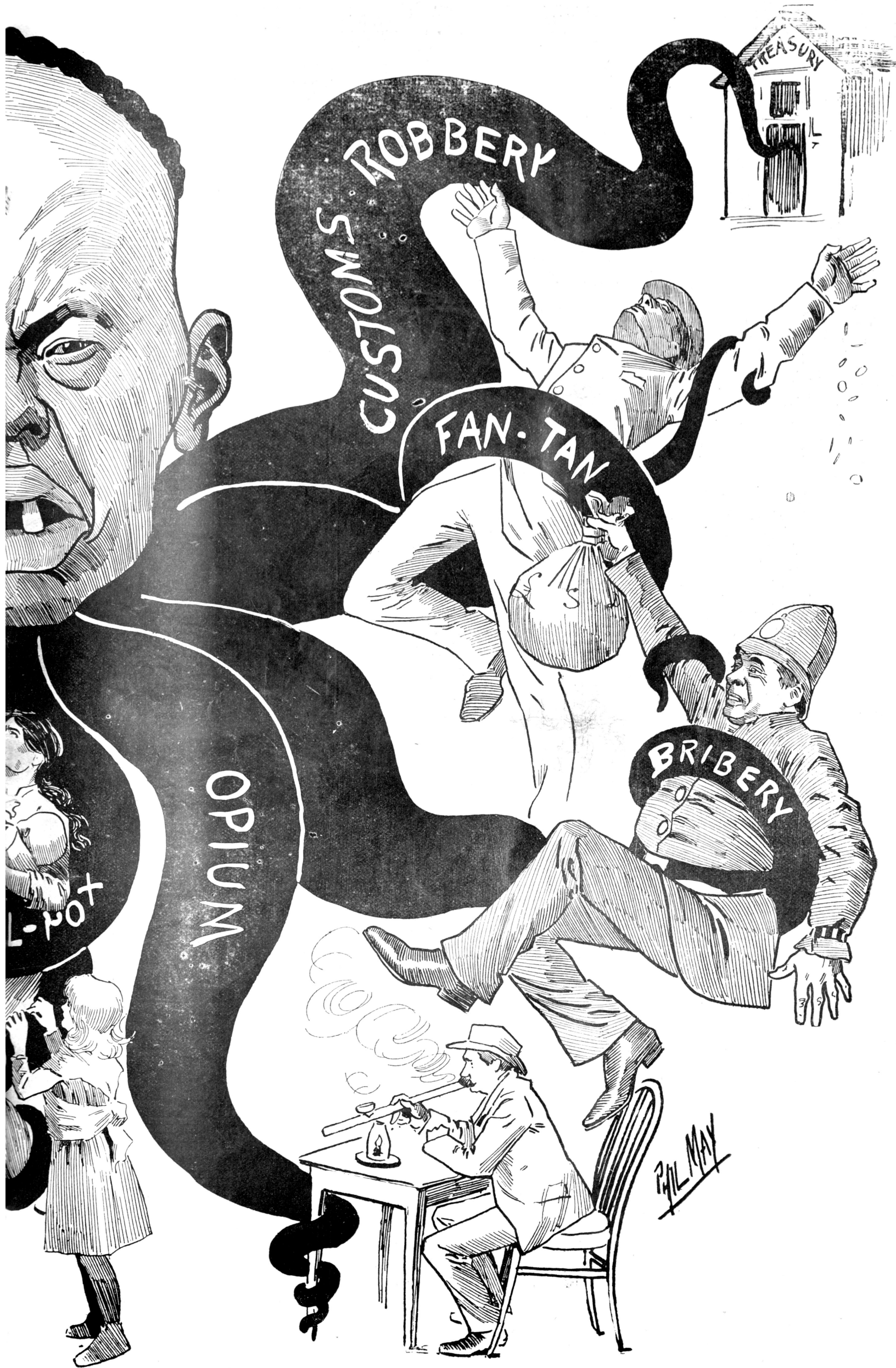
It is strange that so glaring and well-known a system of swindling should have any power over men who have intelligence enough to play, yet the power is undeniable. Here is a single instance in proof. A few nights ago, a respectably-dressed and rather handsome young man, who had apparently just about reached his majority, lounged over one of the tables. He had lost his last copper, and, after vainly offering to stake his pocket-knife against sixpence, as vainly tried to borrow coppers from the other players. Disappointed in this he turned upon the dealer and cursed him and his ancestors back to the reign of Hung Fat, or thereabouts, in eloquent and forcible blasphemy. Then he turned to go out, probably in search of a more fortunate table or charitable crowd. As he got to the door he shivered; the night was piercingly cold and the rain descending pitilessly. And one who had witnessed the scene stopped him in the street and learnt the full tale of his woes. He had that day been dismissed from his third situation—each lost by his infatuation for fan-tan. No door was open to him, he had pawned everything, and must stay out all night—"find a boiler somewhere, perhaps," was his hopeless reflection. But his inquisitor promised to provide for him for the night, gave him the equivalent of bed and breakfast, on the single condition of a promise willingly and faithfully given, never to go into a fan-tan den again; then the two shook hands and parted. But not for long. Hardly had the Samaritan gone 50 yards when the other came running up to him again. "Take it," he said, holding out the money; "take it, for God's sake, and pay them for a bed for me somewhere! Take it! If you leave me with it I will only go back to those—; they will rob me again, and I will have to sleep out in this—cold after all."

Down from the fan-tan den are stairs leading to lower and dirtier abodes; rooms darker and more greasy than anything on the grand floor; rooms where the legion of aggressive stinks peculiar to Chinamen seem ever to linger, and where the forms of the grimy Mongolians passing to and fro with shuffling, sneaking step, seem more like demons of another world than debased inhabitants of this. Viler than pigstyes, gloomier than caves, and fouler than sepulchral vaults, these dens and passages possess the worst attributes of each of these places. Yet the rooms are not naturally repulsive, nor would they be so when occupied by other tenants; but the Chinaman has defiled their walls with his filthy touch; he has vitiated what was once a reasonably pure atmosphere, with his presence, and he has polluted the premises with his disgusting habits; and so it is that tonight save suggestions of evil, incentives of disgust, and associations of vice, now seems to move in the fetid atmosphere. Here, more than anywhere else, perhaps, the casual visitor is struck with the total immunity of Chinamen from the laws of the land in which they live. Not only do their dwellings disclose the most reckless disregard of all regulations and penalties to which Australians are rightly subject, but the facilities for escaping the power of all laws is amply apparent. To apprehend a Chinaman who is known to have offended would be like catching one particular rat out of a thousand running loose in a coal cellar. To identify any particular Mongolian, where all are so much alike, is a feat which would generally baffle the smartest detective in Sydney, and to find him in the gloomy recesses of his grimy abode, is a ten-times more difficult matter. Like the devil-fish which, pursued by an enemy, obscures the waters with an inky cloud, so the Chinaman hides within the congenial darkness and mazy intricacies of habitations seemingly constructed with the single aim of protecting him from a righteous retribution.

(Continued on page 14.)



The Mongolian Octopus.



is Grip on Australia.

Shall these things be continued? Shall these monsters of sexualty grapple the youth and innocence of Australia? Let this be a lesson to the people of the world by the unflinching legislation of our country as against China men and innocent girls are permitted to come into contact, so long will the results be disastrous to the latter. And as there will, we hope, be innocent girls to the end of time, the only way to obviate the evil is by forcible removal of the remorseless agent of degradation, the Chinaman himself. The suckers which thus attack feminine frailty must be cut therefrom, else the moral life and every enjoyment which makes existence valuable or even endurable will be drawn from the swelling veins of victims who are free for their sin with irredeemable suffering. To rescue the hapless girls who would otherwise fall into the grip of the Mongolian octopus is a sacred duty devolving upon every Australian who has a sister, or a mother

But it must be done by legislation, and the only legislation of any value whatever must effect the absolute expulsion of the Chinese Devil fish. So long as he remains, so long also will this evil continue. Repression is impossible; if Chinese vices be penalised, they will still continue to be practised, but greater caution will be observed than now is customary, and newer dodges will be resorted to in order to effect elusion.

When the octopus of the ocean is pursued or wounded, he glides into deeper and darker crevices, ejecting a cloud of ink to conceal his hiding-place. Similarly the Mongolian Devil-fish, if pursued by the police, or wounded by legislation, will not cease from crime; he will merely remove it back from its present location, and obscure his movements by those devices with which a long course of evasion and defiance of the law has made him thoroughly familiar. The existing causes must ever induce the present evil effects.

A glance at the facts of the case will make this clear. There are in Sydney, say 2000 Chinamen who are not married, and never will marry. They are not men who can occupy themselves in study, and the contemplation of philosophy and virtue. They are beings without any higher ideal than that based upon their own passions; the gross pleasures of the body are their one and only delight. And lastly, their lust is in most cases fed by the fierce stimulant of the enslaving hook-tuck. The degradation of others is, therefore, an absolute necessity of their habits and mode of life. And these habits are incapable of alteration. On this point a Californian, who is thoroughly familiar with the history and habits of the Chinese in America, forcibly writes in the NORTHERN MINER (C):—"Transport John Chinaman to any part of the globe and he remains John Chinaman to the tips of his taper fingers. His dress, laws, prejudices are dear to him as life, or that symbol of Celestial citizenship, his pig-tail. He is as incapable of any radical change in habit as a mummy. Let him down in the Antipodes and he lives as though under the shade of Peking's walls." Even if the vile instincts of the Chinese labourer were not unalterably fixed, his lack of physical strength would still maintain him in his immorality. The labour of the Australian workman is so valuable that its fruits suffice for the support of a family in decency and moderate comfort. But the weaker and stupid Chinese cannot do the work of the white man, because he is lacking in strength and intelligence, and, therefore, must be content with a smaller wage, upon which he cannot venture upon marriage even if he desires to do so. It is a huge mistake to suppose that it is the greater diligence of Chinamen which enables them to supplant European labourers. The real truth is that the Chinaman who can do any half the amount of work of which his European competitor is capable, will accept about one-third the wage of the other; his labour is therefore absolutely cheaper. Working alongside an English navvy or mechanic the Mongol would be beaten out of sight, but as he only wants sufficient money to support himself in vice, while the other must earn enough to maintain himself and others in the methods of virtue, the Chinaman can do the work more cheaply. Thus because of his traditional physical powers and low intellectuality, the average Mongol must necessarily be a degraded creature. If the Legislature could supply him with intellect, an elevating ideal, and increased strength of the will and sinew, it might possibly deprive him of his present absorbing desire to commit crimes which every good citizen abhors, but so long as he has that desire it will, despite all police control or restrictive laws, be satisfied by his own debasement, and the utter ruin of others. Religion is equally inefficient on this point. If the Mongol could appreciate any other god than his own sensuality, his inability, because of the insufficiency of his wage, to live as Christians do would prevent him from following the commands of a higher law. Until the leopard changes his spots and the Ethiopian his colour, the Mongols will continue to be an ulcer in the fair bosom of Australia. Expulsion, and expulsion only, can meet the necessities of the case, and to obtain the benefits arising from this deliverance of the land from the grasp of the Mongolian octopus we could view with comparative unconcern the departure of such estimable men and useful citizens as Mr. Quong Tart, Mr. Lee (of On Yik and Lee), who with perhaps half-a-dozen others of the same nationality, are worthy of a welcome in any country under the sun. But their conduct, excellent though it may be in every particular, only serves to show in darker and more disgraceful colours the lamentable debasement, comprehensive villainy, and disastrous vices of the wretched horde of their fellow-countrymen who are spreading with ever-increasing rapidity over the territory of the Australian colonies.

Such are some of the features and results of a Chinese camp or quarter, and the descriptions and observations apply throughout Australia, wherever Chinese infest the land. We give the facts generally, because details are disgusting and particularisation dangerous. Shortly the question of dealing with the Mongol invasion will have to be met by every Australian Legislature. And it will have to be met squarely, not evaded by levying a poll-tax, as on the last occasion of its Parliamentary debate. With the object of furnishing facts upon the question, our investigation was undertaken, and its results thus written. If Australia takes the warning thus given the enterprise will be amply rewarded and its labours redeemed.

"We should be careful what Frankenstein we bring to life," says Donald Cameron, the gifted and gay editor of the Riverine (N.S.W.) GRAZIER. We should be just as careful, Donald, to have a notion, however dim, of what we are writing about. It is a melancholy occupation to go through the files of country and even metropolitan papers and see how often this transparent mistake about Frankenstein is made. Frankenstein was not the name of the monster in Mrs. Shelley's book, but of the man who made the monster. Versatile leader-writers should make a note of this fact.

"Jem Mustang" writes:—"DEAR BULLETIN.—Allow me to ask you a—to some of us—very important question, viz.: Can a squatter preserve kangaroos, and refuse us kangaroo-shooters access to his ground, even going so far as to threaten to prosecute for trespass with the utmost rigour of the law? In other words, can any citizen preserve and protect a noxious animal to destroy which all his fellow-citizens are taxed?" THE BULLETIN supposes that the squatter objects to other people hunting on his run because he wants to secure the scalps himself as a set-off against the marsupial-extinction-tax he has to pay.

A lady not in the very best of circumstances, and whose husband retired from the vulgar gaze for two years' rest just after last criminal sessions at Juralatonga has been in trouble over a horse. The animal lived in the kitchen, but owing to sorrow and infirmity it did not possess enough kick to demolish a saucer. The local policeman ultimately received instructions to send the steed where the good niggers and old boots go, and accordingly he rolled up carrying a revolver and accompanied by a nighbour. Then he headed the weapon to the latter, and saying, "You shoot him, Bob, retired outside and hung on to the fence with the convulsive grip of a drowning man clutching at a haycock. As the weapon went off he jumped several and a half feet into the air, and then on his friend emerging, they both waded the tears from their eyes, and left. About 15 hours afterwards, however, the horse resurrected itself and inquired what the row was all about, and the services of another armed desperado were invoked. A second scene of blood and slaughter followed, and the animal was buried to make matters certain, but the lady is haunted by a fear that it may rise again and keep on being killed, until the whole property is covered with dead horses and a small army of policemen are holding on to the fence.

PEPPER AND SALT.

The question of Antarctic exploration is again coming to the front, and it is proposed, if money be forthcoming, to despatch an expedition from Melbourne to the frozen south. An idea seems to prevail that somewhere behind the great ice-barrier may be found a community afflicted with perpetual snuffles, but still far advanced in civilisation and Christianity and Imperial Federation, where an idle droops from the frosty nose of charity, and where landlords are not, and every man dwells in peace and contentment on his own allotment of three icebergs and a walrus. Down there it is, let us hope, the Antarctic saint—the man who intones nasal texts and shines in the Young Men's Benumbed Association, and robs the snow-covered widow and orphan—who is wallowed by the law, while the uneducated ruffian is set to shovelling snow; and within the polar circle, at all events, the Chinaman has not yet penetrated, and there is one sorrow the less. Explorers will be spared the sight of a stiffened Mongol running a fan-tan shop on top of a glacier, and where the intense cold of winter makes it impossible even to touch metal no ice-bound deacon can pass the plate on Sundays and take up offertories of whale-oil for benevolent purposes. There can be no tea-meetings there, or no tea can grow, and when church festivities are compelled to degenerate into blubber and tallow scrambles, they are likely soon to die away altogether. Even a municipal banquet will be shorn of half its glory where the viands would be restricted mainly to tallow grease, some day or other we may settle there ourselves to pass our old age in peace, away from royal testimonials and federation grovels, and at last we may sleep the sleep of the just with a snowball for our eternal pillow, and a fish-bone stuck up above us to mark our resting-place.

The "social purity" maggot is eating away the heart of Ballarat. The local Crookes and Walkers have discovered that gambling is carried on in private houses. A parson has been writing to the papers on that congenial clerical topic—immorality. Two old maids, talking scandal at a street corner, distinctly heard a young man make use of a gigantic D. As the result of all this, the worthy city mayor was reluctantly compelled to call a public meeting "to see what was best to be done." Ye gods! If spirits were permitted to walk this earth, there must certainly have been ructions at that Ballarat meeting. Shades of indignant dead "identities" would have carried the platform by assault and pelted the speakers with tombstones. We think they are hovering around us as we write:—

FIFTY-SIX AND EIGHTY-SIX.

In the Ballarat of old,
When the diggers, strong and bold,
Threw up shining chunks of gold
Out of holes,
With pick and spade they wrought
All the day, as Britons ought—
But they never gave a thought
To their souls.

They'd a code of morals then,
Had those sturdy digger men—
Dick, Jack, and Bill, and Ben—
Of a kind;
A ready code, and rough,
But it did 'em well enough
(They were made of sterling stuff,
Bear in mind).

Deuce a bit did diggers care
For the incidental "sweat,"
Of a comrade who was "square"

And they deemed it out of place
If a fellow had the face
To interpolate a "grace"
At his meals.

Ben, Dick, and Bill, and Jack
Shuffled each a sushie pack
(Somewhat greasy at the back),
Every night;

And, if fortune proved unkind,
Well, they really didn't mind,
For another lucky find
Put 'em right.

No distinctions then of rank,
As they played, and swore, and drank
In a manner free and frank,
To be sure;

Ah! a happy, cheery lot,
Never caring, e'er a jot,
If their fellow-man was not
Very "pure."

But the modern Ballarat,
It is different to that,
Many parsons smug and fat
There abound;

While the diggers, strong and bold,
Of the roaring days of old—
A lot of them lie cold
In the ground.

There is humbug in the air;
Chadband offers up a prayer
For the naughty boys who swear,
Drink, and dice;

It isn't safe to "shout"
A whisky or a stout—
Someone's foxing round about
After vice.

Oh! the jolly days of yore,
And the diggers gone before,
We shall never see them more—
No, be-dad!

They have gone and given place
To another time and race,
Which are (pardon our grimace)
Twice as bad.

In Auckland (N.Z.) lives a good and pious man, whose name is suggestive of 80 per cent., with the bill falling due somewhere in the Valley of the Jordan. His occupation is chiefly money-lending and prayer, and he retires from his "sweating-room" for an hour daily to engage in private devotion. Recently he was visited by an impecunious child of wrath, who wished to raise money on mortgage, and after a brief discussion

the man with the snuffle spoke thus:—"I never do anything without laying the matter before the Lord. Come back at 2 o'clock, and peradventure I may be able to accommodate you." At 2 o'clock, therefore, the unconverted man returned, the interval having been spent presumably in laying the title deeds before the throne of grace, and the good and pious parson said with a long and saintly smile: "Well, I laid your application before the Lord, and the security being all right, I think I may accede to your request." "On what terms?" was the next question. "Well," said the pious man with another smile, "the times are hard and money is tight. Suppose we say 20 per cent. for 12 months." The borrower only waited to ask if "the Lord" hadn't said 25 per cent. instead of 20, and to remark that the pious man might go back to his native haunts in the suburbs of Bethlehem, and then left. He is reported since to have raised the necessary sum off a Chinaman who doesn't consult his stuffed Jos in business hours.

Our old and reverend acquaintance, Mr. Horsley, formerly editor of the Melbourne WAR CRY, has sounded a new alarm in the SUNDAY MAGAZINE. He says: "The perverted taste for lollipops, caused chiefly (because not prevented) by mothers, is a large—very large—cause of juvenile crime." This must be seen to. Elizabeth Barrett Browning has pleaded eloquently for the luckless juvenile drudges of the factory and the mine:—

Do you hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their
mothers,

And that cannot stop their tears.

The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,

The young birds are chirping in the nest,

The young fawns are playing with the shadows,

The young flowers are blowing towards the
west;

But the young, young children, O my brothers,

They are weeping bitterly!

They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free.

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their looks are sad to see,

For the man's hoary anguish draws and presses
Down the cheeks of infancy.

Mrs. Browning sleeps the sleep of the great, but surely there is someone willing to twang a lyre for those other poor children, whose souls are being slain with kindness, in many a so-called Christian home. Up, bards, and at 'em! Take lodgings opposite a lolly-shop, watch the little innocents toddling in to their dooms, and then throw off a set of verses which shall shake the world. This might do for a start:—

Do you see the children sucking, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They have been and got a penny from their
mothers—

Poor, misguided little dears!

The young lambs are served with new pertaters,

The young birds are made into a pie,

The young fawns are headed round by waiters,

The young flowers are "buttonholed" to die;

But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are sucking lollipops!

They have purchased 'em (per favour of their
mothers)

From the damsels in the shops.

They look now, with sin distorted faces,
At the tempting acid-drops—

But they'll drink, and swear, and gamble at the
races
When they've done with lollipops.

"WANTED, a young lady pianist for Exhibition. Apply, — and Company."—S.M. HERALD advt.

WANTED, A YOUNG LADY PIANIST FOR EXHIBITION.

For a lady to exhibit there's no need to advertise,
When nearly all there is of them is patent to the
eyes;

The little dears themselves take care the lesson to
impress,
That the very highest circles wear the very lowest
dress.

The ballet-girls who dance for coin their petticoats
curtail,
And "ladies" bare the other end to captivate the
male;

The first display their hose upon the stage because
they must,
While those go to the next extreme and show
their arms and bust.

There's very little difference, that we see, any
way,
Between the means adopted their attractions to
display;

While one cuts short her skirts to dance, the girl
whose blood is blue
Achieves a like result, but has another end in view.

Yet all of them exhibit, some show more and some
show less,
But all show all they have to show, whichever way
they dress—

Or undress—would be possibly a somewhat better
term;

Ah! May the custom linger till we're old and quite
infirm.

THE TOWN AND COUNTRY JOURNAL'S London aristocrat is to the fore again under a new designation. She commenced her wild career simply as a "Beeress," then she appeared as the daughter of a "Beer," and, judging from her letter, it certainly seemed as if she had been drinking her malt parent, and now she figures as the misguided progeny of a "Juke." Undoubtedly it is a nice thing for a Sydney paper to have a high class female like this on the premises—it keeps the flies away, and lends an air of distinction to the place, but it would certainly be better if her status were a little better defined. Next week we fully expect to hear of her as "the aunt of a Mormon," or the sister-in-law of El Jabez Abdul Smith, Emir of some mud flat in Tartary, and when it comes to that, the GUMTREE'S peeress will probably be consigned to the eternal dust-bin, and a greasy cannibal hired in her stead. Her latest subject is the Princess of Wales, whom she defines in one place as a "soared sphinx"—her alarmed expression being ascribed by many to her dread of her stout jibber mother-in-law—and

the "Beeress" dwells sadly on the time when she used to make her own bonnets, and button her own boots. This last remark refers, of course, to the Princess, for the "Beeress," we believe, not only buttons her own boots, but brushes them as well, and has occasionally to shine the hoof-boxes of the parental duke into the baran, while the duchess fries the sausages for breakfast, and spansks the dirty little marquis who is chasing round the ducal cat. The Queen, we learn, looked at the Princess's marriage through a hole in the wall, and also wept through the hole, though why she did not come out and weep all round the church and the altar it is difficult to comprehend. Possibly her Majesty originally intended to come right through the hole, and thus join the party, but being somewhat adipose stuck midway, and was compelled, therefore, to weep with her head inside the building and her feet in the vestry, but this is not accurately explained. The Princess, it is stated, is seen and not heard, in which respect she differs from the "Beeress," who is heard very much, but who, if we may judge from her earlier letters, is not fit to be seen. Neither is she fit to be read, for when not indecent she is prosy, and when not prosy she smells of Chinatown, but it is possible that when she gets on to the Duke of Marlborough and Lord Lansdale she may improve a bit.

In Victoria, the vexed Civil servant is not allowed even to die in peace. By the regulations of that colony, the under-secretary or the man who flogs the door-mat, or any other official, is entitled to nine months' pay upon resignation or death, but in the former case the money is forthcoming immediately; in the latter, it is only paid after being passed by Parliament, which sometimes causes a delay of 12 months or so. Accordingly, when a Civil servant is dying, his superiors, out of consideration for his wife and family, demand his resignation. Possibly the patient may be just entering the gates of the New Jerusalem, but he must stop outside till he signs the document. Sometimes the messenger arrives too late, and after reading the form of resignation, finds he is shaking up a solemn and expressive corpse, and trying to obtain a dead autograph. Sometimes, also, he comes too soon, and the bother he creates may occasionally induce the sufferer to corpse himself when he had no previous intention of doing so. Occasionally, on the other hand, a man who is half-way through the hogwash—who has already become a seraph down to the waist, and has only got his legs in this sinful world—may get mad at what he regards as a mean dodge to get him out of the service, and be led by pure selfishness to withdraw his upper and lower communion of the saints a day or two. Then he may fall from grace and die over again at some future time with much worse results, and for this evil result the Victorian Government would be clearly responsible. Perhaps, on the whole, it would be better to adopt some new system by which a official who feels it incumbent on him to perish, may do so in peace.

THE CHARGE OF ILLAWARRA.

"On Friday, as a party of Illawarra light horse were cantering sharply down Castlereagh-street, Sydney, they came into collision with a tip-cart, and one of the cavalry men received a severe fall."

From the fields of Illawarra,

From the olly butter city,

Where the maidens are all milkmaids

And the young men are all milkers—

Straight of hair with curly noses,

Came the Illawarra horsemen

To the big smoke Sydney city.

And they knocked the city bandy,

Made it howl with pure amazement,

Riding on their fiery horses

Through the crowded Sydney city;

Said they—"We will show these jokers

How it's done in Illawarra."

So they raced down Castlereagh-street

Like the whirlwinds down the mountain,

And they made the people scatter,

Till they reached the fatal corner

Where the fell and stealthy tip-cart,

Ton-up-Drum-street the tip-cart,

Lay in ambush waiting for them.

Then the bravest of the horsemen,

He tho' pride of Illawarra,

Felt his dander rise within him;

He bethought him of the milkmaids

And his native pats of butter;

And he spoke in words heroic—

"How shall I face him and kindred

If I let a tip-cart beat me?

Shall I live, or men to his me?

And the cheery, saucy milkmaids

As I pass will turn and giggle—

"There's the man that faked a tip-cart!"

So he spurred his fiery courser,

And he charged the deadly tip-cart—

Bucked right at it with his ears back,

Met it full with fierce collision.

But the sturdy foe, the tip-dray,

Never even winked an eyelid—

Didn't seem to care a button;

And the pride of Illawarra,

From his saddle flying skywards—

Like a comet in the noonday,

Stood upon his head on nothing

In the air for half a minute.

For the space of half a minute,

Like the coffin of Mahomet,

'Twixt the earth and sky suspended,

Just to show the Sydney public

How it's done in Illawarra.

And the public wondered greatly;

Said, "Here goes a blizzing buster,"

While they uttered their amazement,

To descend he condescended.

On the pavement hard alighted,

Like a bag of new potatoes

Drooping from an attic window;

And he found the pavement cosy,

So he lay there as in slumber.

But his courages brought his charger,

And he rapidly re-mounted—

Mounted on his fiery charger,

And he passed on down the roadway

Like a postman round the corner

With his red and dusty jacket

While the pub stood in wonder;

And the stern, unconquered tip-dray,

To its stables rolled triumphant.

And the men from Illawarra

Gave the citizens a respite—

Didn't knock them quite so bandy.

And the man that charged the tip-dray

As a sadder Illawarra,

Has gone back to Illawarra.



A very fashionable wedding took place at Christ Church, Sydney, on Wednesday afternoon, the 11th inst., when Mr. Vernon Cotton, manager of the Bank of N.S.W., was married to Miss Ethel Shepherd Smith, third daughter of Mr. Shephard Smith, general manager of the Bank of N.S.W. The church was beautifully decorated with white flowers of every description, interspersed with quantities of green, and was crowded with guests and spectators. Precisely at half-past two, the choristers marched up the aisle, singing an appropriate hymn, and then the bride followed with her father to the altar-rails, where the bridegroom and his best man, Mr. Stuart Cotton, were in readiness. The Rev. Thomas Kemmis, assisted by the Revs. Jackson and Bailey, performed the ceremony. The bride looked extremely graceful in a handsome ivory-satin gown made with a long court train and profusely trimmed with valuable lace and orange-blossoms; a prettily-arranged wreath of orange-blossoms ornamented the hair, and a long soft tulle veil completed the costume. The bride's six sisters attended as bridesmaids, and were dressed in pretty soft white silk, with front tablier of lace, large becoming white hats with clusters of feathers at one side. The groomsmen were Mr. Bayes Cotton, Mr. Lester Smith, Mr. Bowden, and Mr. Nyberg. The bride carried a magnificent bouquet of white camellias, snowdrops, and maidenhair ferns, while the bridesmaids each had pretty little horsehair wigs composed of the same flowers. Having left the vestry to the strains of the wedding march, the bridal party drove to the Bank of N.S.W., where they breakfasted, and after speeches and toasts, and general rejoicings, Mr. and Mrs. Cotton took their departure, amidst pretty slippers and showers of rice, for Moss Vale, where the honeymoon is to be spent. The bride's traveling dress was very handsome and becoming, composed of dark-blue cashmere, with the same coloured panels and tablier, high hat with white feather in front. She also wore a long brown boa. The presents were very numerous and costly.

On 13th inst., the last of the St. Leonards' private subscription dances was held at the local adorned Masonic Hall. An unusual number of pretty, fresh looking dresses were worn on this occasion, the most noticeable being a crimson tulle, with bows and knots of black velvet. A cream satin, profusely trimmed with the same coloured lace, was worn by a tall, stylish-looking girl from North Shore. A married lady was admired in a handsome gown of pale-blue mervellex, with draperies of the same coloured tulle, and bunches of pearls sewn over the dress, which made a very pretty effect. An elaborate toilette was eau-de-nil satin, with tablier of white-cut beads, low bodice, finished off with the same trimming.

His Excellency and Lady Carington inspected the N.S.W. Cavalry on the 13th inst. at Moore Park. The whole affair was a most deplorable fiasco. First of all, there "wasn't no Cavalry!" if you leave out the officers and about six drummers. This omission was found to be the cause of some natural embarrassment on the part of H.E. It is true he repressed a look of disgust, and rode quite solemnly "up the line," but as the line was not much longer than a panel of fencing, he soon came to the end of it. Then the Cavalry turned "right about" and gave H.E. a back view—the view was broader but not longer than before—and in about two skips he had seen all he could see of the N.S.W. "Cavalry." Some military "evolutions" then took place, and the gallant fellows formed as many "four's" as eight men and an odd one can form. The odd one then became a hollow square through which the viceregal party galloped in disgust, and then got home and did some real soldiering by putting the Government House sentry through some "Autumn manoeuvres."

Two hundred guests attended a very successful dance given on 11th inst., at Sydney Town Hall by the Tarbolton Masonic lodge. Among the most noticeable of the handsome costumes worn were a white merino trimmed with old gold plush petticoat of old gold, and bows to correspond. A conspicuous dress was pale-pink satin draped with cream lace and bands of black velvet round the skirt; a pretty dress was white lace with draperies of pale-blue satin mervellex; an admired costume was white crêpe de chine with electric-blue feathers and bows; ditto a navy-blue satin with handsome gold embroidered front; a stylish gown was rich white embroidered silk with long narrow panels of bright red silk, the low bodice being finished off with red tulle.

A wedding coming off at North Shore, shortly: Miss Edith Mann on the one side and Lieut. Whitehouse, R.N., of H.M.S. Raven, on the other. But as the date of the return of the Raven to port is uncertain, the wedding-day cannot yet be fixed.

His Excellency Lord Carington, accompanied by the Hon. G. Baring, Lieutenant Bradley, R.N., and other gentlemen, spent a day last week at Moss Vale coursing. The shooting was quite a success. His Excellency was the guest of Mr. Badgery.

Lady Carington has consented to open the Many Flower show on September 8th. If her ladyship only knew it she has an opportunity of doing good, by refusing to be present, that she will perhaps never get again. Sydney for miles round has been striped of flowers, and in another year there will not be a wild flower left. But then, of course, we'll have instead a few snug parsonages for the priests of the Creator of flowers to lounge in.

Mrs. Robert Tooth, of Darling Point, gave a delightful dance on Thursday, August 12. The house was beautifully decorated, the ball-room looking exceptionally pleasing. The band stood or sat on a platform placed half-way up the wall, and were covered by a screen. Amongst those present were Mr. and Mrs. Argue, of Darling Point, Mr. and Mrs. Kobillard, Mr. F. and Mrs. Orr, Miss Salomon, Mr. W. Liddle, Captain and Mrs. Penrose, Lieutenant Bradley, of H.M.S. Nelson, Messrs. Otey, Moore, and Stuart, R.N., Captain Sheriffe, A.D.C., Lord Bertie, Captain Wallington, and many others. The ladies' dresses were unusually handsome, and personal ornaments were largely employed.

Mrs. Macarthur, of Potts Point, gave a dance on the 12th inst. The room was not being overcrowded, permitted those who still dance to do so. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Darley, the Misses Manning, Miss Joseph, Mr. Otey, R.N., Mr. Lamb Captain Wallington, Mr. J. Alsop, and

many others. On the 14th inst., the same lady gave a second dance.

On the 12th inst. Mr. Dibbs, of North Shore, gave an "At Home." About 60 guests were present.

On dit that Major Taunton, D.A.Q.M.G., &c., &c., performs the duties of A.A.G. during the absence of Major Mackenzie, A.A.G.!! Now what chance have the Russians against that? By the bye, it is said that when Major-General Richardson, C.B., accompanied by his brilliant staff went to a N.S.W. to assist on the Southern line to review the local troops, the "troops" turned out to be one man less in number than the General and his dazzling personal entourage. The consequence, it is presumed, was that the troops reviewed the valiant warrior of goat and donkey renown.

Leigh House Assembly dance, on Wednesday evening, 11th inst., was in every way a success. About 150 visitors were present, and danced until midnight. The respective numbers of ladies and gentlemen were about equal on this occasion, and so nobody was left sitting round the walls.

On Saturday afternoon, 14th inst., the Yarrandaby Tennis Club, Rushcutters' Bay, was opened for the members to play. At present four asphalted courts are completed, and are a great success.

The Jewish ladies of Sydney gave their Cinderella dance at Needs' rooms on Tuesday, August 31.

Mrs. John Eales, of Duckeafield Park, Hunter River, gave a large dance on Friday the 13th inst.

Mr. T. Rowell and Miss Quita Dibbs are to be married about the end of the present month.

Mr. Walter Dibbs, eldest son of the N.S.W. Colonial Secretary, has been appointed Associate

All Melbourne just now is talking about a naughty captain, who, after daring to take a demi-mondaine to a ball to consort with the wives and daughters of his fellow-officers, took French leave and skipped to Europe.

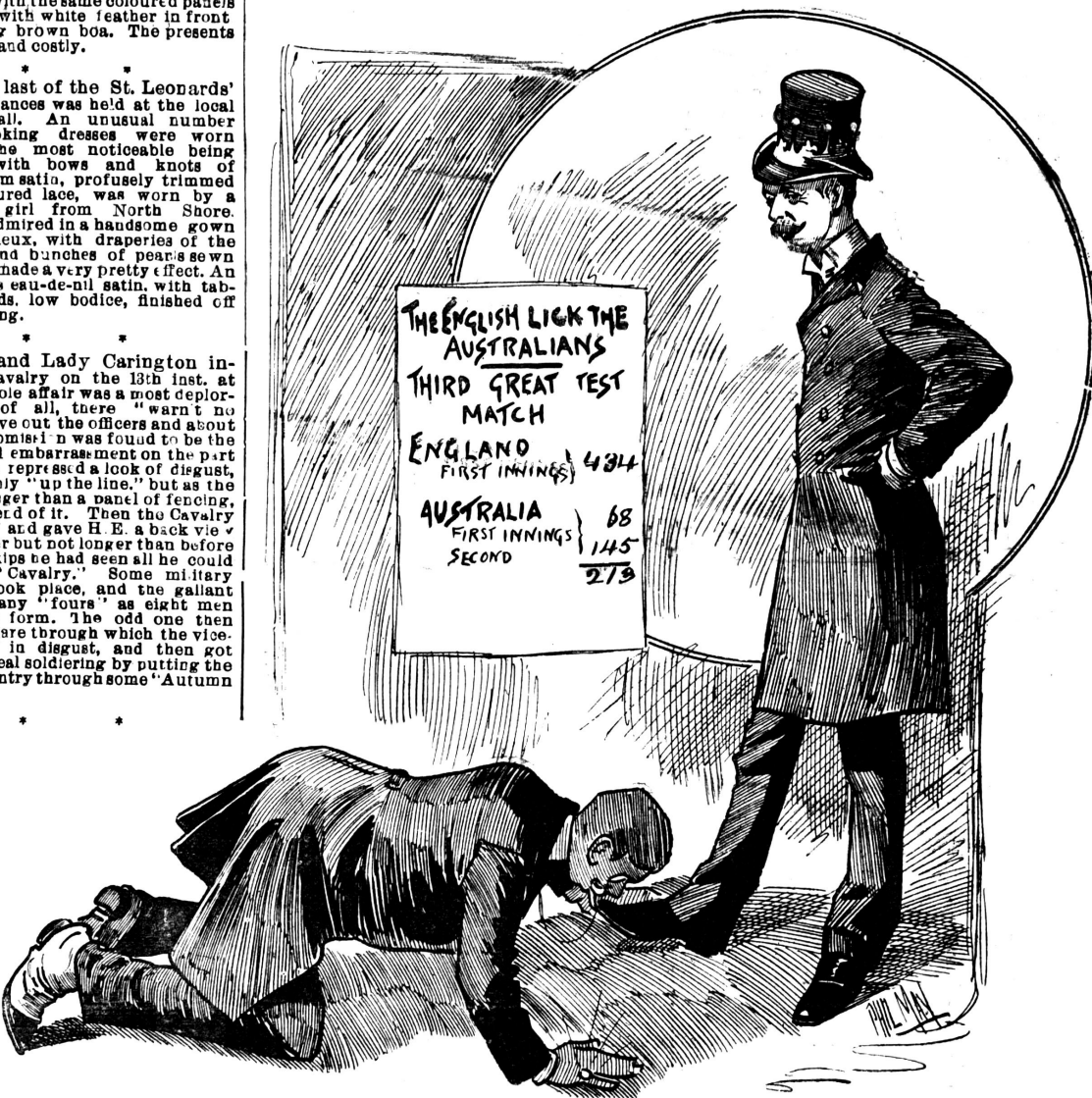
A Victorian gentleman indignantly writes to the Press regarding the local Wesleyan pastor whom he had invited to a dance at his house. In reply to his polite note, he received the following choice specimen of oxide or asit:—"The Rev. and Mrs. Slope decline the invitation to 'the small dance' on Thursday evening next, dancing being absolutely incompatible with their work in life;—to assist in the Salvation not in the damnation of Humanity." It is very likely that the feet of the author of this choice mixture of dogma and dog-in-the-manger were too big to permit him to go through the performance with safety.

The great army of expectant Australian snobs were, no doubt, interested to read, the other day, that the fees exigible from the recipient of a K.C.M.G.-ship are £110, while the acceptor of the meaningless and anachronistic bauble known as a "Knight-bachelorship," has to propitiate the Mumbo of Imperial official loafism to the tune of \$300.

Mr. Griffin, the American Consul at Sydney, is not to be left out without a banquet prior to his trip to his native country. He is to be victimised on the 10th prox. The Consul has, we hear, made frantic but unsuccessful efforts to escape the ordeal.

Another young "swell" (an Englishman) married a Sydney barmaid this week. This is the second event of the kind at the same hotel within a couple of months. Who comes next?

We read that Mr. Dan. Cooper, of Sydney, who lately married in England Miss Grant-Suttie ("a lady who is very much admired and is always beautifully dressed"), gave his bride the most beautiful jewels, consisting of brooch, earrings, and necklace of diamonds and pearls, a diamond ornament in the form of a crescent, and two



THE WELL-BELOVED GOVERNOR;

OR,
THE AUSTRALIAN LICKS THE ENGLISH.

to Judge Innes. The marriage of Miss Dibbs with Mr. T. Powell, son of the N.S.W. Collector of Customs, has been arranged to take place towards the end of September.

The N.S.W. Amalgamated Licensed Victuallers' Association have lost a valuable president in Mr. T. Thompson, the popular Sydney wine merchant, who has been compelled to retire owing to ill-health.

What, after all, is fame? Lord Carington must be worried to supply an answer to this gloomy conundrum, for upon a recent visit to a football jubilee on the Sydney Association Ground he was actually bailed up and asked to produce his pastebord just like any ordinary commoner. Is it, then, altogether in vain that his Excellency has patronised everything from triplets to pleurisy and from Christiana Evidence to cigarettes? It would seem so.

The Sydney citizens' return ball (plain and fancy dress) to Mayor and Miss Young is to be held in the Exhibition Building on 17th prox. Lord and Lady Carington will attend. Ladies' tickets are to be a guinea and gentlemen's thirty shillings. No gallery tickets will be issued.

Mr. Francis Ormond (Melbourne) to the front again. This time £20,000 to endow a chair of music. We never felt more inclined to take a chair in our life. Another lesson for the greedy "save-alls" of N.S.W.

The marriage of the eldest son of Sir William Clarke takes place on the return of his father from Europe.

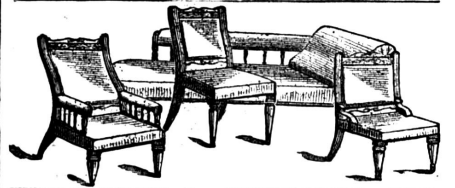
On Thursday, 12th inst., Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Brock, of Brookleigh, Newtown, entertained about 90 of their friends at a pleasant dance. An excellent orchestra, splendid display of this dress, recherche supper, and the hearty efforts of the host and hostess made the dance more than charming. The hostess wore black lace skirt pink satin body, with black velvet stripes.

bracelets—one of diamonds and the other of diamonds and sapphires." We also read that at a recent reception of Lady Cooper's, mother of Daniel aforesaid, "the supper was on the most princely scale, and the peaches were magnificent." Perhaps the peaches wouldn't have been quite so magnificent if an absentee-tax existed in N.S.W.

The N.S.W. cavalry tournament-day was, taken all in all, a success—and so it should have been, as it had been talked of and practised for four months. As an exhibition of military skill, it can hardly count for much, as cutting off wooden heads, and sticking spears into planking cannot be accepted as thoroughly conclusive proofs of military prowess. The day was splendid, and the only fault found with the show by those who paid to see it, was that too much was given for the money; the spectators would have been satisfied with at least an hour's less glory. The Nelson and second Brigade bands played admirably, but the crowd was so dense that there was little room for admiring; as a consequence, the ladies took them to sea, and the seats returned the compliment by taking to them. For the seats were covered with adhesive paint, which cemented the ladies to the boards. As a consequence, the appearance presented by the fair ones when they did get divorced and began to do the lawn, was gloomy in the extreme—if you looked at them when they turned their faces away. One episode of the day was funny. A "horrid paper" had alleged that Lord Carington had said the Sydney Lancers "couldn't ride." Blood or an apology from H.E. could alone wipe this out. His lordship chose the latter and went for an "alibi"—declared he'd never said so—all he had said was, "As for your riding, gentlemen, it is enough to say you are Australians." And it was quite enough—they'll never ask for an apology again. Probably no one present knew all that was going on upon the ground, for in some cases several events occurred simultaneously, while various of the "manoeuvres" took place almost out of one's eyesight. The tug-of-war was the "show" of the place, that the Royal Marines won is a fact, but the Mittagong boys pulled splendidly and took their beating well—it is enough to say they are—ahem—Aus-

(Continued on next page.)

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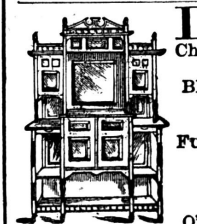
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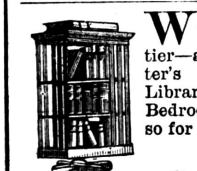
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BRADLEY, NEWTON, and LAMB.

(Continued from page 16.)

trallans." The popular Lieutenant "Jack" Purves carried off the day's honours in the tent-pegging line, and that good all-round man, the well-beloved Trooper "Billy" Cope, of aquatic, Soudanese, legal, and other celebrity, was much sympathised with in the narrowness of his defeat over the sticks by Trooper Vollmer.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Goodman, of the Synagogue Chambers, Sydney, recently gave a most enjoyable dance in honour of the recently-announced engagement of their daughter, Marie, to Mr. George Schachtel. Over 80 responded to the invites. The fair fiancée was attired in a pretty brown, trimmed with rich plush to match; her eldest and youngest sisters in black and pink satin and black looked very nice; the eldest granddaughter of the host wore a becoming black; while her sister in heliotrope silk and white lace was as pretty as a picture. Dancing was kept up spiritedly to De Groen's band, till the early hours.

An engagement, which has been kept quiet for some time, is now announced, between Miss Bessie Chesborough, of Womerah Avenue, and Mr. "Tycho" Hay, surveyor of Sydney.

Clythe, Burwood, N.S.W., was the scene of an enjoyable juvenile fancy-dress ball last week. Nearly a hundred young guests attended, and were immersed in mirth. Some very handsome costumes were worn.

Dr. and Mrs. Garrett gave an interesting entertainment last week at their residence, Wynyard-square, Sydney. A waxwork show, charades, and dancing comprised the evening's amusement.

In these days of muscle-worship, it is pleasing to find that some people have time to admire native genius. In little Elsie Hall, a child of nine years of age, Sydney has something to be proud of. We do not, as a rule, care for the "infant prodigy." Generally the "infant" is far older than the posters declare, and not half so remarkable. We have even known cases of "prodigies" of 16 dressed up to look like 13—and this not so

engineered by Mr. H. A. O'Donnell, were productive of deep and enduring satisfaction.

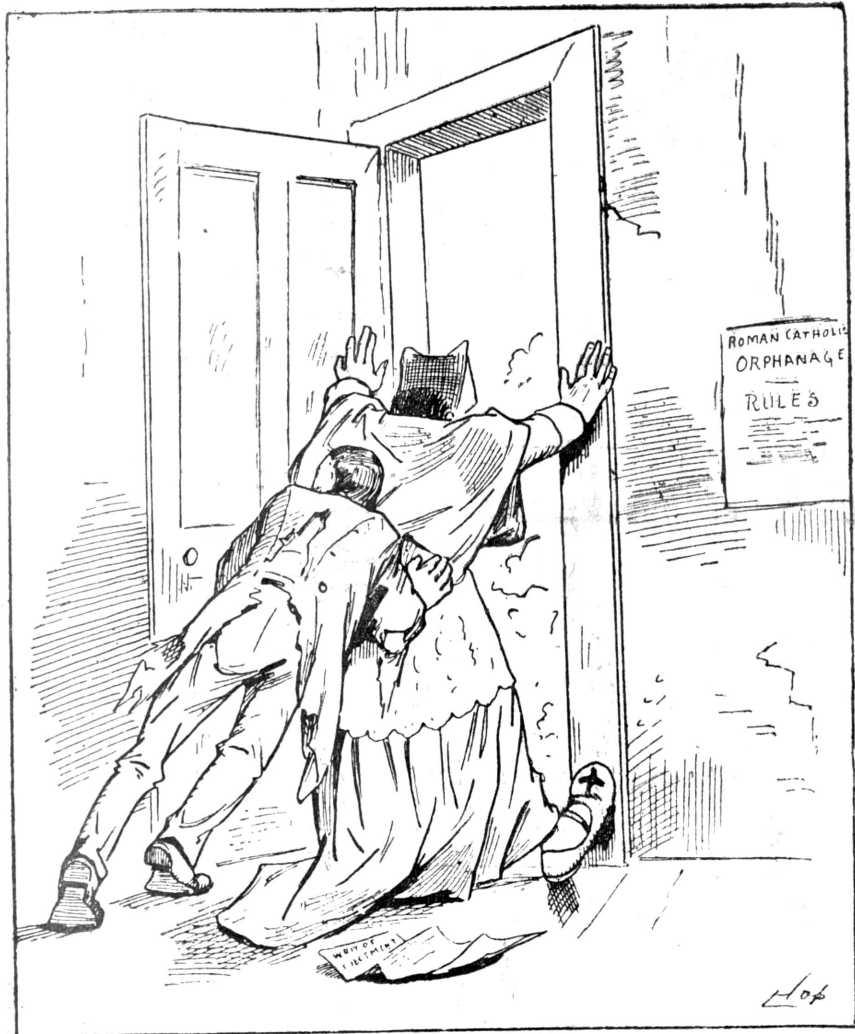
It has been said that since the Primate, Dr. Barry, came to Sydney, he has been offered the See of Ely, but that he magnanimously declined it, as he felt his call was to labour in the N.S.W. vineyard. From the highest source we know this story to be untrue. As the worthy Bishop never got the refusal. Why doesn't he say so publicly?

Tambo (Q.) indulged in a hospital ball last month, and succeeded in raking in £40, which sum is to be expended in buying the doctor new knives and saws and things.

Dr. and Mrs. Sydney Jones arrived from Europe on the 14th inst. after an absence of three years.

A rich and lovely dress was lately worn in London at a Court reception. It consisted of crepe and satin in a beautifully soft shade of heliotrope. The petticoat was composed entirely of the crepe draped in beautiful lines and embellished by a garland of shaded lilac placed up the left side of the skirt between two flowing ridges of crepe, buttonholed at the edges in silk matching it in tint. The train was of the same colour in the richest satin, lined also with satin.

Queen Victoria is trying to buy up all the copies of a recent work entitled "Romance of a German Court." It is said to be written by the Grand Duchess Serge, a lady who is herself "royal," so she thoroughly understands the humbug of the whole thing. Referring to Princess Beatrice's marriage with young Bat, says the lady:—"Beyond him could be espied young Serge de Pattenpouf, who, having dissipated the little cash his parents could give him, was over head and ears in debt. His hope of the future remained firm, for it rested on an intrigue, still but an embryo in his mother's brain—an intrigue which would some day place in the heavy lieutenant of Hussars' paw the red, plump, and gold-lined hand of Princess Corysande, the last daughter of the Queen of the Orient. He and his mamma, expecting everything from the weariness and discouragement



THE ORPHANAGE STRUGGLE.
HE WOULDN'T PAY THE RENT.

lately. But we believe Elsie Hall really is nine—and we know that she has a remarkable genius. On Saturday night Herr Kreitzmann gave an opportunity of hearing the child at a private concert given by him. The performance was wonderful, the little girl playing pieces that have defied the skill of many first-rate professionals. She played wholly from memory, and chiefly classical pieces. If this child is not unnaturally "forced," we may hear of her as a female Rubenstein.

Heinrich Kohler is the latest star in the firmament of colonial art. His pianoforte readings during this week will supply the desired test of his conspicuous ability.

The Engineering Exhibition continues to draw many interested and some scientific visitors to Prince Alfred Park, Sydney. Industry in some of its most inviting and picturesque forms creates a varied entertainment, and to all who like that sort of thing supplies the show the exact kind of thing they would like.

The London World predicts that "Wales" will refuse the jackass testimonial which is now being scraped together in these colonies. Possibly he will—if a lot of money be not subscribed. Possibly, also, a meteor may strike the testimonial just when it is all ready, and convert it into sulphide of flunkey, or something equally valueless.

Mrs. G. N. Russell gave a most delightful little dance at her residence, Pelham Hall, Woolahra, on Monday last, which went off with great éclat. About 20 couples were present.

Mr. H. G. Parker, Canadian poet and reciter, delivered the famous "Christmas Carol" to an audience that was certainly "fashionable," but equally scanty. Mr. Parker's effort is a truly wonderful one, and he is singularly successful. But what can he do in Sydney? Unless he comes out in "burat cork" he has no chance.

The annual ball in aid of the Cootamundra Hospital was a booming success. The ballroom was as usual the haunt of Mr. J. Gibbs, decorated and adorned for the occasion. Over 120 guests attended, and the general arrangements

ment felt by the Princess at the continual failures attendant on her efforts to catch some royal Prince or other on the wing, hoped to induce her to descend as many rungs of the social ladder as would place her on a level with the Pattenpoufs."

Professor Caldwell is expected to arrive in Sydney from England about the beginning of November, and the following month his marriage with Miss Watt, of Byresbury, Edgecliffe Road, Woolahra, is to take place.

A very significant example of the way in which colonials are being stroked down in England, is the fact that 200 of them were admitted to the Royal enclosure, at Ascot, by the request of the Prince of Wales. Tickets for this enclosure are usually applied for six times over (like a N.S.W. loan), and to get inside it is the snob's dream of Elysium. We hope our C.M.G.'s were happy, and behaved themselves with the dignity befitting their rank.

Mrs. Alexander has the happy knack of being able to write a thoroughly readable novel in one volume—that volume a small one. Her latest venture, "Beaton's Bargain," is almost equal to "The Woeful O.T." The characters are human and natural, and the plot is sufficiently eventful, without being sensational. Out of the host of shilling books now in circulation, "Beaton's Bargain" is certainly one of the best.

From a N.Y. paper:—"Dion Boucicault and his latest wife sailed to England last Wednesday. When the author of The Jilt arrives at Liverpool, he will think he has met with an earthquake. The original Mrs. Boucicault, all her children, including Dot and Nina, as well as her son-in-law, John Clayton, have prepared a cyclone for the venerable dramatist. Nothing but a tidal-wave engulfing the Alaska can prevent the publication of the gravest scandal of modern theatrical times."

Viscount Deerbhurst, eldest son of the Earl of Coventry, has been appointed A.D.C. to the Victorian Governor. The Tory Imperial-Federation conspiracy will ultimately gain little from the efforts of the class of "not-men" by which Australia is at present infected.

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ROSE'S CELEBRATED EYE LOTION.
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Blight, but strengthens the sight. Numerous tes-
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PILLS, when the directions are strictly complied with. They
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"I HOPE SO, MY DEAR."
"AND NURSE?"
"I HOPE SO. SHE'S A GOOD WOMAN, AND ALL GOOD PEOPLE GO TO HEAVEN."
"THEN, PLEASE, MAY I GO TO THE DOGS WITH PAPA? HE SAYS HE'S GOING THERE,
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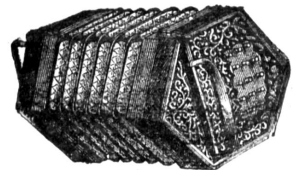
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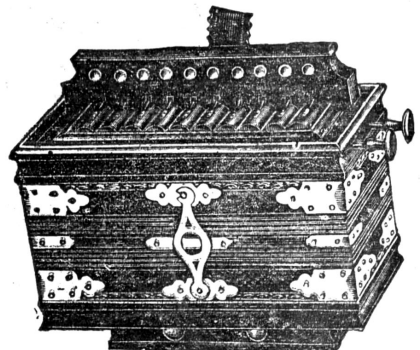
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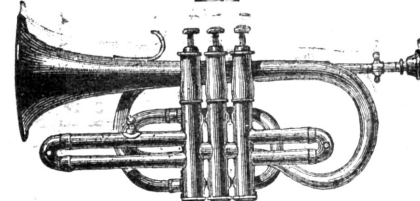


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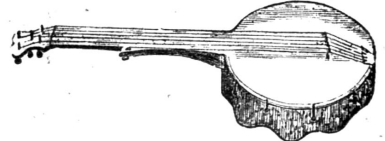


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The Great Liver Remedy.

Prepared from Dandelion, and free from the slightest particle of mercury or mineral substance, are the popular medicine of the nineteenth century; so simple, yet most effective; they can be thoroughly recommended, being a carefully prepared preparation, and the result of practical experience. They overcome the worst form of Diseases of the Liver, Stomach, Head and Kidneys. I have yet to hear that they have not afforded immediate relief.

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In all the ordinary ailments of humanity their beneficent action is at once recognised. Full directions are supplied for their use in every disease.

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Highly recommended by the Medical Profession throughout the world as being the best remedy for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Scrofula, Wasting Diseases, Consumption, General Debility, over-taxed brains, &c., &c.

It will produce an immediate gain in flesh and strength. Can be taken when all other forms of Cod Liver Oil are refused.

It contains about equal parts of the best Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and concentrated fresh milk, both peptonised (digested).

The peptonised milk disguises the unpleasant taste and smell of the oil, and makes it as sweet as cream; very palatable and most nourishing.

Invaluable for children, and will agree with the most delicate persons, causing no return or unpleasantness.

One trial will satisfy anyone of the great value of this new and unique preparation.

The reconstructive or nutritive properties are five times greater than the plain oil or any other Emulsion, hence it is much cheaper.

Both the Oil and the Milk being digested, the whole will assimilate, whereas in Cod Liver Oil and other Emulsions (being undigested) only a small proportion is of any value. It is the most perfect Emulsion ever made, and the only one of digested Cod Liver Oil and Milk.

Analysed and recommended by the first Professors in Europe.

We also manufacture the above preparation combined with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS.

THE MALTINE MANUFACTURING CO., LIM., LONDON.

ALL IN THE WAY OF BUSINESS.



MR. DE QUIZZER: "PARDON ME, MRS. ROSENSTEIN, BUT I CANNOT HELP EXPRESSING MY ADMIRATION OF YOUR BEAUTIFUL DIAMONDS"

MRS. ROSENSTEIN (Rosenstein is a pawnbroker): "YOU DINK THEM FINE, EH? ACH, BUT DESER ARE NODING TO DEM DIAMONTS MR. ROSENSTEIN IS GOING TO GIE ME WHEN DER DICKEE RUNS OUT!"

Marie Brizard! Marie Brizard! Marie Brizard!
The wonderful cordial, *Wolfe's Schnapps*, will drive away all physical ailments.

Remember American Co.'s Hop Bitters never does harm but good, to the smallest child, always and continually. See and read

Mitchell's old established and reliable original reform chemist shop, 141 King-street, was recently purchased by A. A. Rigney, of Bega, who will conduct both establishments on the standard principles for which he is well known.

Wolfe's Schnapps is a most comprehensive preventive and remedy against all diseases.

Now they say that the sting of a bee will cure rheumatism. It certainly has a tendency to make a man forget rheumatism for a time. Under the impression of an A1 bee in good working order men have been known to howl for death, but their wives always howl to be taken to Summerfield and Company, the Great Juvenile Outfitters, 235 and 237, Pitt-street, Sydney, to buy the boys the celebrated wear-resisting suits at half a guinea, all of which are specially manufactured by their London House.

Marie Brizard! Marie Brizard! Marie Brizard!
The system is strengthened and the nerves toned by the use of *Wolfe's Schnapps*.

No stimulant is more reliable than *Wolfe's Schnapps*.

THE VERY MAN.

"Yes, I am in need of a reporter," said a Sydney editor, replying to a man who had entered the office and applied for a position; "but I want a startling sensation writer, a man who can make news. In other words, I want a man who is not afraid to tell a lie." "I think I am the man," "That may be, but you must understand they are plausible lies I want written, those that have every phase of the truth." "I still say that I am the man." "Have you ever done much newspaper work?" "No." "Then how do you know you can write plausible lies?" "Because I have written articles in opposition to the famous St. Louis Laver Beer." "Did the public believe them?" "I think so." "But you are not certain?" "No." "Then you are not the man I want."

Have you lost your appetite? Then take *Wolfe's Schnapps*.

BUTLER W. ORMONDE, Private Enquiry Agent, 313 George-street, undertakes all kinds of confidential business, traces absconders, wife deserters, and missing relatives; procures copies of certificates and wills, at moderate rates. Collector of rents and debts. Acts as agent generally. Letters written. The most absolute secrecy observed. Note the address:—313 George-street, second floor.

Important to Mothers & Nurses

Carnrick's Soluble Food for Infants, Invalids, and Aged Persons,

is the most nutritious, palatable, and easily-digested Infant's Food ever manufactured, containing fifty per cent. of the solids of milk (digested) and fifty per cent. of the finest wheat, converted into soluble form.

A most perfect food. The nearest approach to Mother's Milk ever made. It is unequalled for the formation of fat, flesh, and bone, and increasing the vital forces so necessary to health.

Specially recommended in cases of Marasmus, Diarrhoea, and Cholera Infantum, and where the digestion is defective.

Children fed upon cereals or cow's milk alone very often remain weak, and suffer from softening of the bones, and when attacked by infantile disorders are unable to resist the inroads of disease.

"**CARNRICK'S SOLUBLE FOOD**" is invaluable for Invalids and Aged Persons (who cannot digest farinaceous food), as it is rich in nutritive and easily-digested albumenoids, thus increasing both flesh and strength, and restoring the vital forces.

It is most convenient for use, being in a powdered form, and will keep indefinitely. When boiled and stirred for three minutes it is ready for immediate use.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS.
THE MALTINE MANUFACTURING CO., LIMITED, LONDON.

Few people are aware of the alarming prevalence of Kidney and Liver diseases, especially among those who have arrived at or are past middle age. It is declared on good authority that fully one-half the deaths in this country are either directly or indirectly the result of Kidney or Liver disease of some sort.

A great majority of men above 40 years of age are afflicted with some sort of affection of the Kidneys or Bladder, and these diseases are on the increase. Per sons are often seriously affected before they know of it themselves, and thus these insidious disorders get a good foothold before anything is done to dislodge them.

Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, Bright's Disease, Incontinence, Debility, Catarrh of the Bladder, Albuminuria, &c., are among the many forms of these diseases. Most of these are very difficult to cure, defying the powers oftentimes of the best physicians obtainable, and are pronounced by many to be incurable.

Physicians state that many forms of Kidney and Liver disease are very difficult to detect, as in diseases of this form oftentimes there are no symptoms of a marked nature. This is one of the reasons why they are so difficult to cure.

Dr. BELL'S (Kidney and Liver Bitters) is a Specific for Kidney and Liver troubles, Bladder and Urinary Diseases, Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, and all of that class of disorders.

It cures Biliousness, Headache, Jaundice, Liver and Stomach troubles, Dyspepsia, Constipation, and Piles.

It cures Intemperance, Nervous Diseases, General Debility, Female Weaknesses and Excesses.

It is thoroughly reliable, highly recommended, works promptly, relieves at once, and was never known to fail.

USE IT AT ONCE.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Patent Medicines.

NOTE.—Any poor Person, or the Manager of any Hospital, Asylum, or Old People's Home, may obtain the Bitters gratuitously, upon written application to the Agents, accompanied by a certificate of a Minister of the Gospel, certifying that they are unable to pay for medicine.

BELL'S BITTERS

MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

NEW YORK, LONDON, CANADA, NEW ZEALAND & AUSTRALIA.

BUTCHER, FEHON & CO., SYDNEY

AGENTS FOR

New South Wales and Queensland.

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE HAVE TRIED AND PROVED THAT FATHER WOLFREY'S WORM POWDERS are the best every way for children and adults. Prepared only by the undersigned. Price, 6d. each; by post 7d. When ordering please state age of patient.

EAMES' HOREHOUND AND COLTSFOOT SYRUP.



The best medicine for relieving coughs, colds, hoarseness, &c. It has a great sale in Sydney. Price, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. per bottle.

EAMES' ANTIBILIOUS PILLS. Send for list of testimonials. Price, 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. per box. By post 2d. extra.

The above may be procured through any chemist or storekeeper, or direct from

W. D. EAMES, CHEMIST,

Apothecaries' Hall,

14, OXFORD-STREET, SYDNEY.

£10,000. £10,000.—"BARB'S" GRAND CONSULTATION on the MELBOURNE CUP, to be run on the Flemington Racecourse, Melbourne, in November, 1886. 20,000 Members at 10s. each, to be divided as follows:—The Highest Prize is £2000, the Lowest £7 10s.

Prizes.—1st horse, £2000; 2nd horse, £1000; 3rd horse, £600; Starters (divided), £600 Non-starters (divided), £900.

Cash Awards.—Ten Prizes at £100 each; Twenty Prizes at £50 each; Thirty prizes at £25 each; Forty prizes at £20 each; Sixty prizes at £10 each; One Hundred £7 10s.

Each Ticket has seven chances, and can obtain a Prize in each of the Seven Drawings, which reduces the odds to about six to one; in fact, One Ten Shillings Ticket could obtain seven Prizes.

Please send P.O. Orders when convenient, or Bank Notes Country Cheques must have One Shilling exchange added, and marked correct by bank. Two stamps required for reply and result. The drawing will take place under the supervision of a Committee of the Shareholders. All will be done to ensure the entire satisfaction of Subscribers. Please send early for Tickets and Register letters. Please address—

"BARB,"

c. o. T. G. GREEN, Guildhall Hotel, Castlereagh-st., Sydney.

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in Granite, Marble, and Freestone, Iron Tomb Railings. Designs and Estimates forwarded on request.

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MARGARET-STREET, WYNWARD SQUARE, SYDNEY.

ATKINSON'S ENGLISH PERFUMERY
surpasses all others for its lasting and natural fragrance

THREE GOLD MEDALS—
PARIS, 1875, CALCUTTA, 1884,
for pre-eminent excellence of quality.
Atkinson's New Perfumes
AGAREA & CYMBIDIUM
are of rare and peculiar fragrance, and being registered can be obtained only of the Inventors or their Agents.

ATKINSON'S CELEBRATED EAU DE COLOGNE
is unequalled for its strength and delightful odour; it far surpasses the numerous compounds sold under the same name.

ATKINSON'S FLORIDA WATER
an exceptionally fine perfume for the handkerchief, distilled from the choicest exotics.

Of all Dealers, and of the Manufacturers—
J. & E. ATKINSON,
24, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON.
Trade Mark—"White Rose" on "Golden Lyre."

NERVOUSNESS, LOSS OF ENERGY and STRENGTH.—A Gentleman, having tried in vain every advertised remedy, and discovered a simple means of cure, will be happy to forward particulars to sufferers on receipt of stamped directed envelope.

Address—"Confidential," G.P.O., Sydney.

THIS WICKED WORLD.

The Ameer of Bokhara is dead. He spent most of his property in fighting Russia, but had to cave in, and left nothing except an old umbrella and 280 wives. At O'Donovan Rossa's recent mass meeting of Fenians only one person attended—viz., Rossa himself. The American authorities have proof that Rossa is all talk, and that the dynamiters are utterly unconnected with this much-advertised whisky-seller. The Prince of Wales, who is in training for the billet of Defender of the Faith, gives most enjoyable Sunday-evening musical parties and conjuring obaloo. The Queen, who always remembers the Sabbath day to keep it miserable, is said to be much annoyed. Lord Halsbury, the new Chancellor, speaking on Imperial Federation, says that it is impossible to bind the colonies "closer to the Empire than they are at present." Some good has come out of Nazareth. Holloway, of pilfame, left his benefactions to the middle-class instead of to the poor. At the College for Women, endowed by him, girls whose parents are prepared to pay £100 a year for their board and education can enjoy privileges that have been estimated at £500. J. M'Neill Whistler, a shining light of the Burne Jones school of painting, has been elected president of the British Artists Society. This is wormwood for J. Ruskin. On the Darwinian theory Mr. Ruskin writes to the *Pall Mall*:—"When I see a girl dance, I thank Heaven that made her cheerful as well as graceful; and neither envy the soldier nor sentiment of my Darwinian friend, who sees in her a cross between a dodo and a daddy-long-legs." Some London genius, who should be tied up and left to howl in the back-yard, has started a paper called the *PET DOGS' GAZETTE*, illustrated with the portraits of wheezy snuffels and over-fed pug. There is no *STARVING CHILDREN'S GAZETTE* in London, as society prefers spending its money on mange and hydrophobia. Having rid herself of her Princes, France waits to further emphasise her Republicanism by abolishing all "noble" titles. There is nothing like making a clean sweep while you are about it. A reminiscence of Hobart Pasha. At a wedding breakfast he proposed the bride's health. He hoped she would be at least as happy as a Turk's wife, and everyone knew that the Turks were the best husbands in the world. Prince Henry of Battenberg, the Queen's latest son-in-law, is described as "the most ornamental lackey H.M. has ever had." The favourite beverage of the mad king of Bavaria was a mixture of white wine and champagne, prepared in a bowl with a thick layer of fresh, strong-scented violets floating on the top. This luxurious compound cost £10 daily. The Kaiser Wilhelm has been 19 years a soldier. He joined the army as ensign in 1867. 36½ millions sterling have already been raised and practically expended upon the Panama Canal. De Lesseps now asks for 24 millions more, making a total of 60½ millions. The Canal will thus cost £1350 000 per mile, or six and a half times as much as the Suez Canal. The Princess of Wales now goes about in a closed carriage, being too weak to continuously bow to her many sincere admirers. The hands of the clock of London Parliament House weigh 100lb. each. At Aberdeen (Scotland), a woman—not a girl—has got 2500 damages because a man who was engaged to her for 39 years has backed out. Capt Webb's widow has been engaged by a Niagara hotelkeeper to stand opposite the place where her husband was drowned and sell photographs of deceased. O Kelly, M.P., charges Chamberlain with having, in a fashionable drawing room, described Mr. Gladstone in language "not fit for publication." In May last, 17 per cent of the British troops at Assuan died mostly of heat apoplexy. "My friends," said the president of the brickmakers' society as they bewailed the sudden death of their treasurer, "I looked out once on the beauties of water, and all was c-a-a-lm. Our deceased friend here was layin' a brick. I looked out once more; still all was c-a-a-lm, but our deceased friend was no more. He was layin' a cawpsel!"

Marie Brizard! Marie Brizard! Marie Brizard!
All diseases requiring invigorative treatment are cured by Wolfe's Schnapps.

Premier ball-room decorators of New South Wales. Sale and Decorators. Ball and banquet rooms tastefully decorated with flag and floral decorations, 60½ Hunter-street Sydney.

Marie Brizard! Marie Brizard! Marie Brizard!
Bodily irregularities and weakness can be remedied by Wolfe's Schnapps.

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112 MARKET STREET, SYDNEY.

Large stock of new and second-hand Books. Price of any book on application. Books sent by mail to any part of Australia.

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An exquisite **TOOTH PASTE**
Manufactured solely BY THE PROPRIETOR, Registered and Cleansing Properties.
T.B. MELHUISH, PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST
134 WILLIAM ST, SYDNEY



Mein Gott, dot ain't a man, und tunnervetter, you break my glass, too. Vell, it's too pad; but I got it insured in de

Mutual Plate Glass Insurance Co. of Australasia, Limited.

Capital - - - £25,000.

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Plate Glass Fronts, Mirrors, &c., of all descriptions covered against risk of breakage, at lowest current rates.

OFFORD & CO.'S HAIR

Lightest, Best, and Cheapest.

Next to Royal Hotel, and at 652 George Street.

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CONFECTIONER SYDNEY
JAMES STEDMAN
STEAM WORKS, KENT ST NEAR ERSKINE ST
Wedding Cakes on hand, and made TO ORDER ON SHORTEST NOTICE.
COUNTRY & SHIPPING ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED

SCHOOL OF ARTS HALL, ROCKHAMPTON.

THE above Hall is now the most completely furnished and popular place of amusement north of Brisbane. The Faust Family, MacMahon and Leitch's Dramatic Company, and Searle and Harding's Opera Company have just concluded most successful seasons; also return visits in this Hall.

Mr. Jas. MacMahon (MacMahon and Leitch) says:—"The Hall is admirably appointed; is a model of neatness and cleanliness, and we have experienced less trouble in staging our plays ('Silver King,' 'Lights o' London,' &c.) than in any other place since we left Brisbane."

For terms—Apply,
THE SECRETARY,
School of Arts.

THE ORIGINAL
GOULBURN BAKING POWDER
WAUGH'S
AND WAUGHS ONLY
OBTAINED A
FIRST CLASS AWARD
OR
HIGHEST DEGREE OF MERIT

IS THE BEST IN THE WORLD!!
NONE OTHER BUT
WAUGH'S
RECEIVED THE INTERNATIONAL
PRIZE MEDAL
MANUFACTURED BY JAMES CHANNON
HARBOUR ST SYDNEY
Sold by All Grocers and Storekeepers



If you'd like to know the way its done,
Buy a set and share the fun;
Charming pictures, fresh and new,
The dog may take them, so may you.

Photographic sets, including all requisites for the learner, the student, or the professional, can be had at prices to suit requirements, from

LICHTNER AND CO.,

GENERAL PHOTO-STOCK IMPORTERS,

24 O'CONNELL STREET, SYDNEY, [Catalogues.

Send for]

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE



In consequence of Imitations of THE WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea and Perrins have to request that Purchasers see that the Label on every bottle bears their Signature thus—

Lea & Perrins

without which no bottle of the original WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE is genuine.

Ask for LEA and PERRINS' Sauce, and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and Stopper. Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester; Cross and Blackwell, London, &c., &c.; and by Grocers and Oilmen throughout the World.

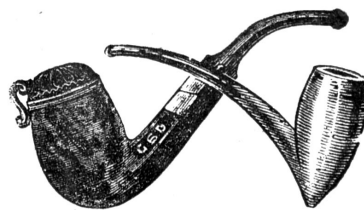
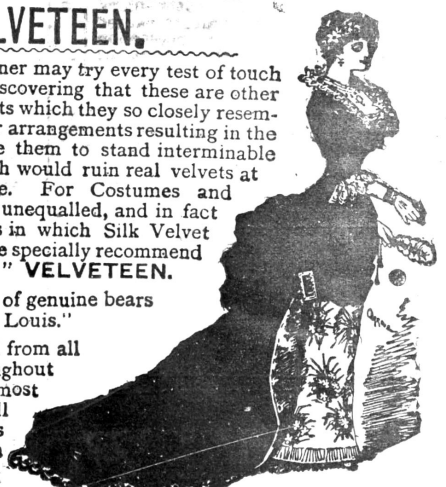
Wholesale Agents: MONTEFIORE, JOSEPH & CO.; DAVID COHEN & Co., Sydney.

THE "LOUIS" VELVETEEN.

The strictest examiner may try every test of touch and sight without discovering that these are other than the Genoa Velvets which they so closely resemble, while the peculiar arrangements resulting in the fast woven pile enable them to stand interminable and rough wear, which would ruin real velvets at four times the price. For Costumes and Trimmings it is unequalled, and in fact for all purposes in which Silk Velvet may be used we specially recommend the "LOUIS" VELVETEEN.

Every yard of genuine bears the name of "Louis."

May be had from all Drapers throughout the Colonies, most of whom will send patterns POST FREE on application.



Fire-proof Briars. Repairs, &c.
S. ROSENTHAL, Pipemaker,
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Illustrated Catalogues on application

J. MURPHY'S
Central Loan and Discount
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CORNER OF KENT & LIVERPOOL STREETS,
Opposite George-street.

Money Lent at the Lowest Rate of Interest in this City.

Loans from 1s. to £1000, at 10d. in the £ per Month.

Loans on Gold and Silver Jewellery, Clothing, and every description of Portable Property, granted at rates never before attempted in this Colony.

American Gold and Silver and all Foreign Coins Exchanged at J. Murphy's Central Loan and Discount Offices, corner of Kent and Liverpool streets opposite George-street.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL, MITTAGONG.

First-class Accommodation for Commercials

PETER MURPHY, Proprietor.

Good Table and Reasonable Terms.

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LIME FRUIT JUICE SAUCE.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHES REPAIRED AND CLEANED

AT
130 CASTLEREAGH STREET,
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GUINNESS' EXTRA STOUT.

FIRST

QUALITY.



BASS' PALE ALE.

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Commercial Chambers, Bond-st., Sydney.

SOLE PURVEYORS to the
COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION,
LONDON,
By Special Appointment.



AN OBVIOUS ABSURDITY.

MR. ATTORNEY-GENERAL WANT (log): "A SOLICITOR OF THE SUPREME COURT ROB A CLIENT OF TWO GUINEAS! AS YOUR HONOR WELL KNOWS, WE NEVER DESCEND TO SUCH TRIVIALITIES."

The troubles of an Australian editress. The lady who runs a certain N.S.W. journal had the following notice posted outside her office the other day:—"We are sorry to say the paper will not appear this week. The reason of this undesirable state of affairs is a drunken compositor. Will re-appear next Saturday as usual. (Signed) Proprietor."

Marie Brizard! Marie Brizard! Marie Brizard! Wolfe's Schnapps, the purest, safest, and best article of its kind in use.

DISFIGURING HUMORS,

humiliation eruption itching and burning tortures, salt rheum, etc. ma, psoriasis, barber's itch, sore eyes, scall head, dandruff, infantile or birth humors, and every species of itching, scaly, pimply, scrofulous and copper-colored diseases, of the skin and scalp, with loss of hair, are positively cured by the CUTICURA RESOLVENT internally, and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally, when all other methods fail.

As an antidote to the consequence of late hours Wolfe's Schnapps stands preeminent.

Marie Brizard! Marie Brizard! Marie Brizard!

At the Landers' Tournament the attractive uniforms and the beautiful movements caused us to feel how blessed were we in the possession of sight, and what an unfortunate thing must the loss of it be. Conservatories, dinner tables, Drawing rooms and ball rooms, might be beautified with the best productions of the globe, and to the blind it would be no more than a blank. Vain would be the efforts of the artists who with world-famed reputations are employed in decorating goods like those at Brays, of 42 and 44 George-street. There novelties in glass and china abound, and they are ever ready for inspection visits.

If in need of a stimulant take Wolfe's Schnapps.

Mr. Nebuchadnezzar Coonan has been turned out to grass for six months.

Marie Brizard! Marie Brizard! Marie Brizard! Wolfe's Schnapps has often been pirated, but has never had a rival.

Certainly one of the most successful City Hotels, in respect of first-class Wines, Spirits, &c., and with regard to Luncheon, is Hanney's Great Northern Hotel, Charlotte-place. A first-class Luncheon is provided from 12 to 3, which is patronised by the commercial men in this part of the city. Just make one call, and we are sure you will be satisfied.

Marie Brizard! Marie Brizard! Marie Brizard! Wolfe's Schnapps is a donor and preservative of health.

Just 29 years ago, a thrill of horror went through the land, for on Friday, August 20, 1857, the good ship Dunbar struck on the South Head, and all on board, save one—Johnson, of the Newcastle Life Boat Service—sank to their watery graves.

Who had some noble creatures in her, Dashed all to pieces.

—TEMPEST.

Something upon which we can rely—Wolfe's Schnapps.

Marie Brizard! Marie Brizard! Marie Brizard! Wine!—Reliable Old Australian Wines, selected vintages, for invalids, families, and connoisseurs. Only Sold by Hockings, 143 Pitt-street.

A cute youth at Rockhampton (Q.) crawled under the canvas of a circus tent, witnessed half the performance, and then came out at the interval, getting a ticket as he passed to re-admit him. He sold the pasteboard for ninepence, and then crawled in once more and saw the rest of the show. That boy will die a K.C.M.G.

Thousands of physicians and analysts have certified to the purity of Wolfe's Schnapps.

ROBERT BUTCHER & CO.
(Late William Long),

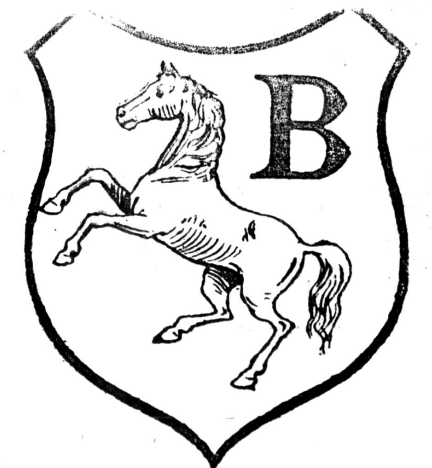
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OPPOSITE THE TOWN HALL, SYDNEY

Country Orders receive prompt attention.

RAW VASELINE.



HORSE RUGS, Pack Saddles, Horse Clippers, Collar Check and Serge, 40 and 44 inches; Large assortment of Buggy Harness, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Saddles, Spurs, and all kinds of Saddlers' Ironmongery, &c.

BLACKBURN & CO.,
WHOLESALE SADDLERS, AND SADDLERS
IRONMONGERS,
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FOR NEW SOUTH WALES ROPE & CABLE INVESTMENT COMPANY LIMITED,
CAPITAL, £100,000.

Allow Interest as follows:—SEVEN PER CENT on fixed deposits for 12 months; FIVE PER CENT. and UPWARDS for shorter periods; FIVE PER CENT. on sums from £1 to £50 in the Savings Bank Branch, Payable on Demand. Offices, 4 Park-st.

Listen to Your Wife.

The Manchester GUARDIAN, June 8th, 1883, says:

At one of the

"Windows

Looking on the woodland ways! With clumps of rhododendrons and great masses of May blossoms!!! "There was an interesting group.

It included one who had been a "Cotton spinner," but was now so

Paralyzed!!!

That he could only bear to lie in a reclining position.

This refers to my case.

I was first attacked twelve years ago with "Locomotor Ataxy"

(A paralytic disease of nerve fibre rarely ever cured) and was for several years barely able to get about.

And for the last five years not able to attend to my business, although

Many things have been done for me.

The last experiment being nerve stretching.

Two years ago I was voted into the

Home for Incurables! Near Manchester, in May, 1882.

I am no "Advocate"! "For anything in the shape of patent" Medicines!

And made many objections to my dear wife's constant urging to try Hop Bitters, but finally to pacify her—

Consented!!

I had not quite finished the first bottle when I felt a change come over me. This was Saturday, November 3rd. On Sunday morning I felt so strong I said to my room companions, "I was sure I could

"Walk!

So started across the floor and back.

I hardly knew how to contain myself. I was all over the house. I am gaining strength each day, and can walk quite safe without any

"Stick!"

Or Support.

I am now at my own house, and hope soon to be able to earn my own living again. I have been a member of the Manchester

"Royal Exchange

For nearly thirty years, and was most heartily congratulated on going in the room on Thursday last. Very gratefully yours. JOHN BLACKBURN

MANCHESTER, (Eng.) Dec. 24, 1883.

Two years later am perfectly well

Prosecute the swindlers!!

If when you call for American Hop Bitters (see green twig of Hops on the white label and Dr. Squire's name blown in the bottle), the vendor hands out anything but American Hop Bitters, refuse it and shun that vendor as you would a viper; and if he has taken your money for anything less indict him for the fraud and sue him for damages for the swindle, and we will pay you liberally for the conviction.

Never Travel Without It:

Wanted in Every House.

KRUSE'S INSECTICIDE EFFECTUALLY DESTROYS ALL NOXIOUS INSECTS. FLEAS, FLIES, BEETLES, MOSQUITOES, COCKROACHES, &c., &c. AND IS AT THE SAME TIME QUITE HARMLESS TO BIRDS, DOGS, FOWLS OR OTHER ANIMALS. PRESERVES FURS, CLOTHS, SILKS, &c., FROM THE DEPRECIATIONS OF THE MOTH. FURNITURE, SHIP CABINS, FOWL HOUSES, DOG KENNELS MAY BE CLEANSED OF INSECT VERMIN BY THE USE OF KRUSE'S INSECTICIDE. SOLD IN TINS 1 1/2 & UPWARDS BY ALL CHEMISTS AND STOREKEEPERS WHOLESALE. FELTON, GRIMWADE & CO. — MELBOURNE —

Wanted in Every House.

Ask for KRUSE'S INSECTICIDE, and Beware of the numerous imitations.

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE.

BEECHAM'S PILLS



Are admitted by thousands to be worth a Guinea a Box for bilious and nervous disorders, such as wind and pain in the stomach, sick headache, giddiness, fullness and swelling after meals, dizziness and drowsiness, cold chills, flushings of heat, loss of appetite, shortness of breath, costiveness, scurvy, blotches on the skin, disturbed sleep, frightful dreams, and all nervous and trembling sensations, &c. The first dose will give relief in twenty minutes. This is no fiction, for they have done it in thousands of cases. Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one box of these Pills, and they will be acknowledged to be

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For a weak stomach, impaired digestion and all disorders of the liver, they act like "MAGIC," and a few doses will be found to work wonders upon the most important organs of the human machine. They strengthen the whole muscular system, restore the long-lost complexion, bring back the keen edge of appetite, and arouse into action with the ROSEBUD of health the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are "FACTS" admitted by thousands embracing all classes of society; and one of the best guarantees to the nervous and debilitated is, Beecham's Pills have the largest sale of any patent medicine in the world.

BEECHAM'S MAGIC COUGH PILLS.

As a remedy for Coughs in general, Asthma, Difficulty in Breathing, Shortness of Breath, Tightness and Oppression of the Chest, Wheezing, &c., these Pills stand unrivalled; and any one labouring under any of the above complaints need only try One Box to prove that they are the best ever offered to the public for Asthmatic and Consumptive Coughs, Hoarseness, and Oppression of the Chest. They speedily remove that sense of oppression and difficulty of breathing which nightly deprive the patient of rest. They give almost instant relief and comfort to those afflicted with the above distressing and, when neglected, dangerous complaints. Let any person troubled with any of the above complaints give BEECHAM'S COUGH PILLS a trial.

The most violent Cough will in a short time be removed.

CAUTION.—The public are requested to notice that the words "BEECHAM'S PILLS, St. Helens," are on the Government Stamp affixed to each box of the Pills. If not on they are a forgery.

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FREE B. POST, for six penny stamps, a Medical Treatise, by that eminent French Hospital Physician and Parisian Specialist, Dr. RABONSKI, showing sufferers how they may cure themselves of Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, &c., &c., without consulting a medical man. Address Parisian, P.O. Box 766, Sydney.

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WILLIAM BULLARD,

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They now call him "Gone Coon-an."

Mr. Edward Ellis, late editor of the *GLOBE*, has, we hear, become proprietor of the Sydney Sunday Times.

"Nobbie," "Dirty Dick," and "Lazy Billy," are three aboriginals on the "saved" list of the Army at Grafton. Just think of sitting down in Heaven alongside "Lazy Billy!"

The gold-repeater watch worn by Nelson at Trafalgar, is now in the pocket of a "distinguished" Anglo-Australian. He bought it as an "ad," which *THE BULLETIN* isn't going to give him.

Sir Henry Parkes has been lecturing on the "Companionship of Books." This, we suppose, is in view of an early opportunity for plenty of leisure to enjoy that unwished-for felicity himself.

BAILEY says Mr. Isaiah Cohen's latest novel "will sooner or later be found in all colonial households." Indeed! So we are at last to meet the butcher who wraps pork sausages in the pages of an octavo volume.

We hear that Mr. Mudge Taylor, M.L.A., is making use of his leisure, and writing a history of his journey to England and how he beat the N.S.W. Speaker. It should be good reading. The volume will appear shortly.

The Maryborough (Q.) *CHRONICLE*, writing on the amount of sycophany lavished by the S.M. *HERALD* and Sydneyites generally on Lord Carlington, says: "They will kill that poor Governor yet with their meaty-mouthed lick-spittling."

Alderman Mitchell, of the Glebe, Sydney, is an Israelite and a Protectionist. Last week, while addressing a Protectionist meeting in Glebe Town Hall, he said, "England is a Freetrade country, and who are the richest people there?" "The Jews!" screamed a hundred voices.

Advt. from London DAILY TELEGRAPH of July 2:—"DAVIES.—On the 28th June, at 6, Cornwall-mansion, Cornwall-gardens, S.W., the wife of Mr. M. H. Davies, M.L.A., member of the Government of Victoria, of a son. Which is a fair example of how absurdly the average colonial magistrate loses his head when he gets to London.

The wily treasurer of a certain church up South has had em on toast for \$300. However, "religion must not be disgraced," so the amount has been made good, the wily one continues to flourish like a green bay-tree, and the fascinating clergyman now has the front to ask his sheep to subscribe the amount all over again. The way of the transgressor isn't so very hard after all—unless he comes before Judge Docker.

General Milver, whose favourite amusement has been to turn whole armies to rout single-handed, each time bearing off 15 flags to adorn his wigwag, is last reported as carrying his victorious arms into Western New Guinea. The whole native population have taken to their canoes, and it is believed the General intends to clear the island of all white, mount the highest hill, and crown himself Emperor of the South.

Another sprig of the notorious Aylesford family has been distinguishing himself in the north of London. Young Mr. Finch, the gentleman in question, went into a chemist shop, armed with a revolver. He came out armed with the cash-box. Meanwhile somebody had shot the chemist. Young Finch says it was an accident. The chemist says nothing about the affair, because he is dead. Twelve good men and true will pass their opinion upon Mr. Finch's eccentric behaviour.

At Melbourne, recently, John Gahan, formerly a solicitor in extensive practice, appeared on a charge of vagrancy. A few years ago he was one of the leading lawyers of the city, now he appeared as an old broken-down man with long grey hair and tangled beard, clad in wretched rags, and wearing dilapidated boots that left his feet exposed. He had taken to drink and was utterly destitute. The magistrate, who hardly knew what to do with the wretched spectre before him, at length sent him to gaol for a year.

Silly Lord Cairns, who threw over Miss Fortescue, and paid £10,000 for the frolic, has been hoist with his own petard. Miss Grant, *la belle Americaine* has thrown him over. Cairns complained that Miss G. showed her teeth too much at the other fellow's expense. He said it was "the thin, yerknow—wouldn't stand it, b'jov, aw!" The girl just shrugged her alabaster shoulders, and told Cairns to take up his crutch and tootlepuck, and walk. This, to, when the wedding day was fixed, the *trousseau* bought, the virgins' lamps trimmed, and everything prepared. We can detect the hand of Providence in all this. Cairns had previously saved a trifle of the affections of the daughter of an "unfortunate" and much-thumbed Australian, who condescends to live not a thousand miles from Grosvenor-square.

The "Rev." Peter Campbell has not yet been thoroughly snuffed out. No man ever is snuffed out who has a colossal cheek. Peter is no sinner the AGE for £1000 libel damages. "If David syne doesn't enter an appearance," says Peter, "he will have to pay." Very likely David will appear—it is a way he has got. Peter, from whom we get all this information direct, also writes that he himself (not David Syne) "has recently been, and still is, busy exorcising in literary work." He is writing a short sentimental comedy connected with Napoleon the First's private and domestic life. He is also writing some comic and sentimental songs on strictly colonial topics. He has already finished one or two short farcical prose trifles. All these are intended to be brought forward on the stage." James Cassius Williamson, are you listening?

Henry Kendall, the N.S.W. poet, who in his prime wrote such beautiful things as "The River and the Hill," "Leichhardt," and "Araluen," and who in his latter days sent forth, as many another bard has done, some sad rubbish which, in justice to his genius, should be carefully torn up, is at last ready to have a monument. He has been dead more than three or four years, and the trustees have been able to collect enough money, less £30 or so, to put up a slab to the memory of the sweet singer, whose last resting-place has so far been adorned by naught but the orange-peel and sardine-tins left by lovers who came there to picnic and "catch, perchance, some inspiration from his tomb." Kendall's body is to be removed to another spot in Waverley (Sydney) Cemetery, and the monument is to stand over it. Mr. Dalrymple, no doubt, have a neat and appropriate little oration for the occasion, and as Baron Carlington is to be present (surrounded, of course, by a large number of popularity-hunting political bars of soap), the balance required, and more, will, probably, be paid on the stone by the usual set of grovellers.

An Hong, Chinaman, recently buried at Bombala, and who, consequently he was much respected, and his honoured corpse was followed to the grave by many local residents. As it is stated that the Church of England burial-service was read by a white clergyman, and that a Hong remains, we conclude that the lamented Hong was a gentleman of the Anglican persuasion. However, there appear to have been one or two ceremonies in connection with the "planting" of An Hong which we understand to be distinctly non-Anglican. For instance, a sovereign was placed in the dead Chinaman's mouth, and the poor clay-fire clay, let us hope—of An Hong was attired in

two suits of clothes and sent off, bridal fashion, with a shower of rice. The question thus arises, what was An Hong? Was he an ordinary heathen member of the Church of England? If he was, the sovereign, clothes, and rice business was clearly superfluous; if the former, then we are entitled to argue that the C of E burial-service was wrongfully read over a well-eyed pagan. However, we congratulate the Anglican clergy on their growing liberality, and we anticipate with much pleasure the fast approaching time when Primate Barry will officially order that a sucking-pig, two stolen fowls, and "plenty blandy" be placed in conformity with the directions of Confucius, on the grave of every defunct churchwarden.

The contempt expressed for Graham Berry in the hour of his knighthood is not lessened, now that the true story of the ex-detective's degradation is to hand. The modest old gentleman told his ladies that he "felt it impossible to refuse the honour" because it was conferred "unexpectedly" and for "valuable services in connection with the Exhibition." The explanation is a clumsy attempt to mollify old adherents. Every-one interested knows that Graham's services at Kensington were not as he never arrived in London till the Victorian Commission had completed the work. Why even his personal application to be included on the commission was curtly refused. And to say that the bauble was unexpected was a piece of unparalleled effrontery. The removal of Mr. Murray Smith from the Agent-Generalship in favour of Graham Berry was a carefully-planned job, forsooth, when the salary hanging to the office was increased by \$500. One poor excuse has the Victorian political Judas for his crime. The first notification of the title arrived in the form of a congratulatory telegram to Mrs. Berry. Now, when a delighted wife flings her arms round a husband's neck, and calls him a "dear old man," he may fairly protest that he is yielding to pressure. The present Lady Berry experienced no qualms of conscience in reading the telegram. She never uttered a "Pack off the Governor." *Au contraire*, the Agent-General went to London, armed with letters of recommendation from dear Lady Loch. There now!

The following figures, obtained from official sources, and published in a pamphlet entitled "The Bishops and their Wealth," by the Rev. Mercer Davies, M.A., afford a bitter satire on the "Christianity" of the "swells" of the Anglican Church. From the year 1856 to the close of 1885, 39 Anglican bishops died in England. On an average, each left behind him a fortune of about £74,000, or a total of over £2,900,000. The total value of any real estate they may have possessed, and exclusive also of any sums of money invested in policies of life assurance, that may have been settled for the benefit of their families. Here is the list:—Hon. Hugh Percy: See, Carlisle; died, 1856; years, 28; nominal income, £4500; personality, £30,000. James H. Monk: See, G. and B.; died, 1856; years, 28; nominal income, £5000; personality, £14,000. J. Blount: See, Chester; died, 1857; years, 32; nominal income, £10,000; personality, £20,000. Charles Bethel: See, Bangor; died, 1859; years, 35; nominal income, £4000; personality, £20,000. Edward Maltby: See, Colchester; died, 1859; years, 28; nominal income, £8000; personality, £12,000. George Murray: See, Rochester; died, 1860; years, 47; nominal income, £5000; personality, £30,000. Thomas Mordaunt: See, Hereford; died, 1860; years, 30; nominal income, £10,000; personality, £20,000. Henry Peppys: See, Worcester; died, 1860; years, 20; nominal income, £5000; personality, £30,000. Hon. H. M. Villiers: See, Durham; died, 1861; years, 5; nominal income, £8000; personality, £20,000. J. B. Sumner: See, Chester, Canterbury; died, 1862; years, 34; nominal income, £15,000; personality, £20,000. Thomas Turton: See, Ely; died, 1864; years, 19; nominal income, £5000; personality, £40,000. George Daves: See, Peterborough; died, 1864; years, 25; nominal income, £4500; personality, £30,000. John Graham: See, Chester; died, 1865; years, 17; nominal income, £4500; personality, £18,000. J. C. Wigram: See, Rochester; died, 1867; years, 7; nominal income, £5000; personality, £45,000. John Lonsdale: See, Lichfield; died, 1867; years, 24; nominal income, £4500; personality, £30,000. Samuel Rind: See, Norwich; died, 1868; years, 8; nominal income, £4500; personality, £20,000. R. D. Hampden: See, Hereford; died, 1868; years, 28; nominal income, £4200; personality, £45,000. Francis Jeune: See, Peterborough; died, 1868; years, 4; nominal income, £4500; personality, £35,000. C. T. Longley: See, Ripon; Canterbury; died, 1868; years, 32; nominal income, £15,000; personality, £45,000. W. K. Hamilton: See, Salisbury; died, 1868; years, 15; nominal income, £5000; personality, £14,000. A. P. Carter: See, Exeter; died, 1869; years, 38; nominal income, £5000; personality, £60,000. Hon. S. Waldegrave: See, Carlisle; died, 1869; years, 9; nominal income, £4500; personality, £20,000. J. P. Lee: See, Manchester; died, 1869; years, 21; nominal income, £4200; personality, £40,000. A. T. Gilbert: See, Colchester; died, 1870; years, 28; nominal income, £4200; personality, £12,000. Lord Auckland: See, Ely; died, 1870; years, 22; nominal income, £5000; personality, £130,000. T. V. Short: See, St. Asaph; died, 1872; years, 20; nominal income, £4200; personality, £14,000. S. Wilberforce: See, Oxford; died, 1873; years, 28; nominal income, £7000; personality, £60,000. C. R. Sumner: See, Winchester; died, 1874; years, 43; nominal income, £10,000; personality, £30,000. C. M. Thirlwall: See, St. David's; died, 1875; years, 34; nominal income, £4500; personality, £18,000. G. A. Selwyn: See, New Zealand; died, 1878; years, 37; nominal income, £4500; personality, £18,000. Charles Barlow: See, G. and B., Durham; died, 1879; years, 23; nominal income, £3000; personality, £120,000. A. C. Tait: See, London, Canterbury; died, 1882; years, 26; nominal income, £15,000; personality, £35,000. Alfred Oulton: See, Landaff; died, 1882; years, 33; nominal income, £4200; personality, £20,000. R. Herbert Bickersteth: See, Ripon; died, 1884; years, 27; nominal income, £4500; personality, £25,000. W. Jacobson: See, Chester; died, 1884; years, 19; nominal income, £4500; personality, £35,000. John Jackson: See, Lincoln; London; died, 1885; years, 34; nominal income, £10,000; personality, £72,000. C. Wordsworth: See, Lincoln; died, 1885; years, 17; nominal income, £4000; personality, £35,000. George Moberly: See, Salisbury; died, 1885; years, 18; nominal income, £5000; personality, £20,000. Jas. Fraser: See, Manchester; died, 1885; years, 15; nominal income, £4200; personality, £35,000. J. R. Woodford: See, Ely; died, 1885; years, 12; nominal income, £5500; personality, £19,000.

The provost-Marshal at Mandalay has, it is said this week, been reprimanded for cruelty in Burma. He used to keep prisoners standing for five or ten minutes in front of a firing party while a photo-lunatic—a friend of his—fixed up his camera to catch the expression on these doomed faces just at the moment when the death-agony was on them. But it's all right now, for this fine old English gentleman has been reprimanded. Pass on to the next case, friends. Bring along that rascal who stole the turnip. We'll reprimand him with five years in the reformatory.

A few days ago a man living at Forest Lodge, Sydney, backed himself to drink 25 pints of distilled spirits within a certain period. He drank 18 pints. He is dead now. He is also buried, and seemingly there is no law to reach the publican who acted as assistant-friend at an orgy which meant sudden death. There is plenty of law, however, if the hotel-man blows his nose on Sunday or after 11 p.m. on a week-day, or if he blows another man's nose at any other time. That is the sort of thing the law can look after, but one more toper gone to a beery grave is nothing to bother about.

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A fastidious man who has to travel from Wilcannia to Hay (N.S.W.) by coach should, before starting, commit a crime if he wishes to be comfortable. Six manacled prisoners were brought down to the coach, not long ago, and booked for Hay. The respectable inside passengers had to get out and ascend to the roof. The rain immediately came down in a thundering deluge and the unhappy passengers got wet to the marrow while the cheerful criminals inside were lapped in luxurious warmth and dryness. Some of these passengers have since been put in the reformatory and others in the workhouse, but the system still goes merrily on. It is hard for a stranger to understand, but, as a matter of fact, a man is considered of not much account in the country west of Hay if he has not committed one or two highway robberies, or, at least, stolen a team of horses.

"J.W.B." in the Sydney D.T., suggests that the N.S.W. Centenary should be celebrated by the abolition of lawyers. This would, of course, include Coonan, and the suggestion is the best we have heard since last Jubilee. In the N.Z. Parliament one of the native members plaintively asked Sir George Grey if he could not introduce a bill to make lawyers honest, and the veteran Knight of Kawau said with a sigh that the Devil himself could not do that. A bill large enough to produce such an effect would extend right across the country, "Victoria, by the grace of God," being somewhere up in Auckland, while the tail of the document with his Excellency's signature, would drift across the Beeston goldfield, and the whole measure would have to be passed through the House in a hulloch-dray. Then the Maori sat down with a heathen remark which sounded like an alligator falling into a hot spring.

Salvation Army officers were telling yarns one against the other at the Melbourne Council of War. The amount of Harny suffering which these narratives disclosed was very considerable. Some of the poor evangelists have been restricted, it seems, to two pounds of steak and a quarter loaf for a daily allowance of food. Others have had to do "hard work" (yes, dear friends) in order to make both ends meet. But no matter to what straits they were reduced, the Lord has always popped in an opportune miracle. A South Australian septuagenarian told a beautiful story about his little barefooted boy. The child, at three years and six months, "prayed for a pair of boots," and by the time he arrived at "amen" the boots were hanging on the outside door-handle. As a sample of Divine attention, we would mention that "the Lord knew the little fellow's fit exactly." We'd not be surprised if the Deity had the father's measure, also.

BRIEF MENTION.

A Sydney bank has just squared a big embezzlement.

Lawyer Coonan has been suspended. Politician Coonan still practices.

For every person who goes to church on Sunday in Sydney, 10 go to the theatre during the week.

Judge Docker says that in N.S.W. the Judges "have no discretion." That's what the public say.

Two Redfern cabbies quarrelled and had a "slugging" match last week. After half an hour's vigorous "jaw" one called the other a "Coonan." That was the climax.

A deaf and dumb man has been brought up at Port Melbourne for using threatening language. After this he shall not be surprised to hear of a Port Melbourne corpse getting a month for being drunk and disorderly, and destroying a policeman's uniform.

Quaint Advertisement from Goulburn (N.S.W.) PENNY POST:—"Housekeeper wanted. Must be a good, steady, and industrious woman; and I agree that should she fall sick in my employ to wait on her, and should I fall sick she is to wait on me, and there will be a good home for a steady woman all her life. No drunkard need apply. John Noble, Gunning."

The IRISH and AUSTRALIAN WORLD issues to its readers one of the most comprehensive invitations on record. It requests them to correspond freely "on any subject, they like," which we should think covers the whole ground from Noah down to cats, and adds, "The more that public abuses and scandals are aired in our columns, the better for all." All the lawyers, we suppose.

From the TRIBUNE (Sydney):—"The Duke of Cambridge made an official inspection on Wednesday of the Colonial and Indian volunteers present at Wimbledon, and spoke to a New South Wales man who had won a Soudan medal." The correspondent forgot to add that the old buffer winked at a gal, hooked on to a C.M.G., and punched an Adelaide dowager in the ribs, asking how many cousins she had in Dry Creek gash!

A man named Bennet is in trouble at Melbourne through selling a "patent beer-extractor" to which he represented he had the sole right in N.S.W. and N.Z. It is difficult to guess what this thing can have been. The only beer-extractor that ever came under our notice was in the possession of an inebriated Queensland surgeon, and in answer to a question, he defined the article as a "pomach stump." Probably this is it.

The following notice is posted up in a leading Goondiwindi "hash house":—"The rules of this house are: The charge per week, 18s., to be paid in advance, or 1s. per meal. In case of a boarder leaving before the week has expired the money to be given up less what is owing for board. Boarders will not, on any account, be allowed to feed dogs from the table-boards. I have made these rules in consequence of the heavy losses I have sustained through boarders losing their money when getting drunk."

Sir Henry Parkes thinks that the Centenary of N.S.W. would be best celebrated by the erection of a building "which could be used for the people." We suggest that it should take the form of a benevolent Asylum for Deafened Politicians. At the same time there might be an Exhibition of these ancient gentlemen held, and casts of them taken for presentation to the Museum. Future generations would come to gaze and wonder and possibly depart, saying, "Behold there were fossils in those days—and durned ugly ones at that."

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Judge Docker seems to be hurt by the comments on Berner's ten-year sentence, and replies that "Judges were not made by machinery." Of course they were not. No machine ever known could manufacture a N.S.W. judge, unless, perhaps, a sausage-machine. A judge can be made indifferently out of a worn-out political hanger-on, or a Cabinet Minister's son-in-law, or a blue-nosed briefless barrister, but we have never yet had the machine-made judge, and we would like him for a change. Our judges hitherto have been built up promiscuously out of meat and bones, and they have been such a fearful failure that we would like to fall back on the boiler-metal animal for a change.

A fastidious man who has to travel from Wilcannia to Hay (N.S.W.) by coach should, before starting, commit a crime if he wishes to be comfortable. Six manacled prisoners were brought down to the coach, not long ago, and booked for Hay. The respectable inside passengers had to get out and ascend to the roof. The rain immediately came down in a thundering deluge and the unhappy passengers got wet to the marrow while the cheerful criminals inside were lapped in luxurious warmth and dryness. Some of these passengers have since been put in the reformatory and others in the workhouse, but the system still goes merrily on. It is hard for a stranger to understand, but, as a matter of fact, a man is considered of not much account in the country west of Hay if he has not committed one or two highway robberies, or, at least, stolen a team of horses.

"J.W.B." in the Sydney D.T., suggests that the N.S.W. Centenary should be celebrated by the abolition of lawyers. This would, of course, include Coonan, and the suggestion is the best we have heard since last Jubilee. In the N.Z. Parliament one of the native members plaintively asked Sir George Grey if he could not introduce a bill to make lawyers honest, and the veteran Knight of Kawau said with a sigh that the Devil himself could not do that. A bill large enough to produce such an effect would extend right across the country, "Victoria, by the grace of God," being somewhere up in Auckland, while the tail of the document with his Excellency's signature, would drift across the Beeston goldfield, and the whole measure would have to be passed through the House in a hulloch-dray. Then the Maori sat down with a heathen remark which sounded like an alligator falling into a hot spring.

Salvation Army officers were telling yarns one against the other at the Melbourne Council of War. The amount of Harny suffering which these narratives disclosed was very considerable. Some of the poor evangelists have been restricted, it seems, to two pounds of steak and a quarter loaf for a daily allowance of food. Others have had to do "hard work" (yes, dear friends) in order to make both ends meet. But no matter to what straits they were reduced, the Lord has always popped in an opportune miracle. A South Australian septuagenarian told a beautiful story about his little barefooted boy. The child, at three years and six months, "prayed for a pair of boots," and by the time he arrived at "amen" the boots were hanging on the outside door-handle. As a sample of Divine attention, we would mention that "the Lord knew the little fellow's fit exactly." We'd not be surprised if the Deity had the father's measure, also.

BUMSTAD ON THE SITUATION.

Bumstead is a Buffalo, and a very good one too, but even mature buffaloes are sometimes induced to stray from the beeline which is called the path of rectitude by people who have been there. Bumstead on one occasion, and one only, got off this track, and it was solely owing to his desire to do a good turn for a young nebbish of his. The young gentleman had just passed safely through his initiation, and on the way home he proposed to Bumstead that they should have just one whisk in honour of the occasion. Some ardent politicians were there discussing the relative values of leading articles in the daily papers, and, on occasion, varying the monotony with Yankee Grab drinks, and Bumstead became interested and took a hand in the game. About 2 a.m. he presented himself at his bedside, and encountered the stern gaze of Mrs. Bumstead, surrounded by the frill of a spotless nightcap.

"Mia, goin' t'have Protection this country—that's whash marrer, M'ia—Parks says Prince Wales sent for Melville, told him must have it—where's my dress clothes, M'ia—goin' to have deputation to Privy Council t'morrow. I'm prop'y owner, and I'll have—"

"You'll have another turn of rheumatics, that's what you'll have, you old idiot, stopping out in the wet till this time in the morning; and a nice time I'll have of it again unless you can get your friends, Parks and the Prince of Wales, to come and rub St. Jacobs Oil into you. Take off your boots and come to bed, do."

BEYOND COMPETITION.

The Waterbury Watch takes front rank as "the timekeeper of Geneva." It is not an "English lever" made in Geneva, and puffed into notoriety to enforce sales and ensure disappointment. The factory, which is now turning out over 500,000 of these watches per annum, is still unable to keep pace with the demand, and is now extending its operations into the very heart of the cheap watch-making territory on the continent of Europe, where it will compete with these "English levers" on equal terms. The Waterbury is only a nickel-plated Watch, sold at 13s. 6d., but it gets its reputation from purchasers, and not from the owners of dead stock.

The following testimonies to its worth are taken haphazard from a number recently received by Messrs. M'Gregor, Harris, and Co., of George-street, where the originals may be seen:—

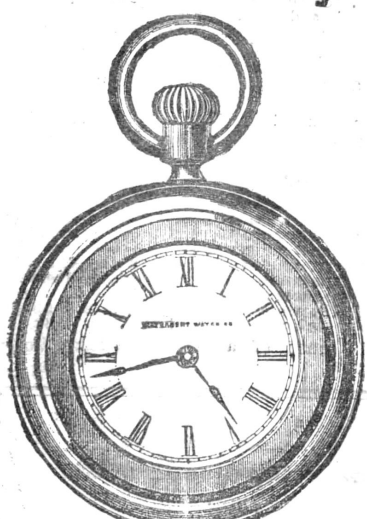
I received the watch. It keeps good time and am very well pleased with it. H. E. G. COOKE.

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Kindly forward me a Waterbury Watch for a friend. I have one I bought in America five years ago, and it goes splendidly. G. R. M'DONALD.

Please send me another dozen of Waterbury Watches. The last received have given great satisfaction. THOMAS M'KAY.

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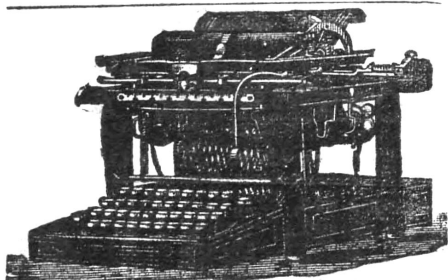
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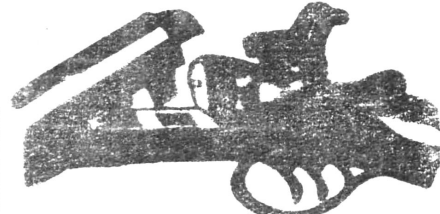
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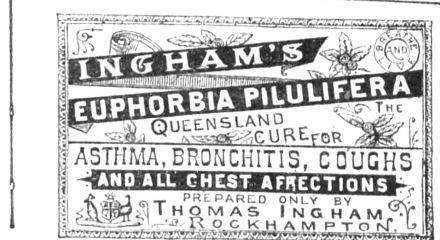
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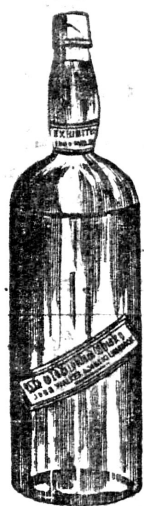
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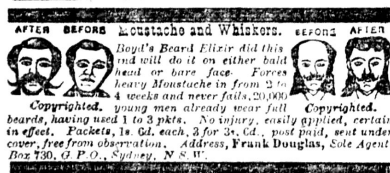
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